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LETTERS

not the Friends

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: In his article, "Conscientious AWOLs," in *The Nation,* Nov. 13, Thomas Land names O.M. Boates (which should be Boetes) as a supporter of an organization aiding American deserters, who "said his associates were working in conjunction with the American Friends Service Committee based in Philadelphia and New York." We do not presume to judge American deserters or those who aid them out of a revulsion to the Vietnamese War. We too share this revulsion and work to bring it to an end. However, it should be stated for the record that the American Friends Service Committee, in Philadelphia, New York, or elsewhere, is not working with any such organization. Correspondence with O. M. Boetes, of whom the AFSC had never heard until the publication of this article, indicates that he was misquoted on this point by a London newspaper, from which we assume Thomas Land's information came.

Colin Bell, Executive Secretary
American Friends Service Committee

muted cry

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I'd like to add a note, and a mild protest to your editorial, "Reagan on Police Brutality," in the Nov. 6 issue. . . .

The *San Francisco Chronicle* and its TV station, KRON, went to federal court and got a restraining order instructing the police not to beat up newsmen; when the hearing for an injunction came up, however, the paper and the Oakland cops announced that they had "reached a satisfactory agreement." Ralph Mayher, the A.B.C. cameraman who was clobbered first, filed a lawsuit, had a talk with his employers, and withdrew the suit. Rick Davis of KNXT, Los Angeles, quoted Reagan's "finest traditions of law enforcement" statement Tuesday night over a picture of four cops beating up a kneeling and handcuffed demonstrator; on Friday (reported as "quiet") the cops beat up Davis; his later statement, however, shrugged it off. In short, the press, having let out a wounded cry, is now going to drop the whole matter—plainly against the wishes of a lot of reporters.

As for my protest, I think you should have noted that the cops also beat up a bunch of demonstrators, including two who suffered concussions, and in at least two cases beat up doctors who came forward to help beaten-up demonstrators. I know you didn't intend to leave the impression that it's okay to beat up demonstrators, but reporters should be left alone. Still, some people here got that impression, and I know you wouldn't want to add to it.

Gene Marine

The editorial did in fact note that demonstrators had been roughed up, though perhaps the emphasis was not strong enough. Editors

old story

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Reading about the role of the Congress for Cultural Freedom (indirectly of the CIA) in financing literary reviews in several countries, and about whether and when their editors became aware of the danger threatening their journal's integrity, I must report that Hungarian writers have been aware of this situation for ten years. In 1957, *Irodalmi Ujság (Literary Review)* was founded in

(Continued on page 563)

EDITORIALS

Selecting a President

The widespread notion that the American electorate is under some mysterious compulsion to choose from among the various possible nominees put forward by the two major parties should be sharply challenged. It has long been assumed that the press, the politicians and the pollsters enter the horses in the race, and that the only function of the voters is to back their favorites. It is not true. On occasion, the electorate has indicated a strong preference for a candidate not widely ballyhooed as a "contender"; it did so for Woodrow Wilson in 1912 and for Wendell Willkie in 1940. Why, therefore, should not more voters, and more publications indicate their preference now, without regard to the forthcoming slates of the inside dopesters?

In this spirit, *Esquire* recently nominated J. Irwin Miller for the Presidency. In the same vein, *The Nation* seconds the nomination of Sen. Eugene McCarthy for the Democrats—or Sen. George McGovern if he, too, should decide to enter some of the primaries. Both men see the issue as larger than the question of Vietnam; they are dissatisfied with the quality of leadership the President has offered and want to give the members of their party a chance to vote for different modes of Executive procedure. We hope Senator McCarthy will decide to enter selected primaries to provide a test of the kind of leadership desired by Democratic voters in such states, say, as California, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, New York and New Hampshire.

Similarly, we hope that current efforts to associate Mayor John V. Lindsay with national issues mean that he might be available for the GOP nomination for President or Vice President. We might even look with favor on the nomination of a "non-candidate," Governor Rockefeller, if we knew more about his present views on Vietnam. And we hope that the Republicans will not overlook Sen. Mark Hatfield. In the category of possible independent candidates, why should more consideration not be given to Gen. James Gavin and Martin Luther King, Jr.?

The current fashion, of course, is to dismiss all such informal "nominations" as egregious examples of wishful political thinking. But there is a dimension of uncertainty about the present mood of the American electorate that suggests that almost anything *might* happen in 1968. Don M. Muchmore, president of the State Poll in California, and an astute observer of American politics, told an audience at Stanford recently that his findings indicate that the average level of political intelligence among voters has increased about threefold (300 per cent) in the past two decades. "But," he added, "active participation [in politics] has declined by one-third. . . [a section of the American electorate] is overcome with negativity." Perhaps this depressed state reflects a dissatisfaction with the caliber of candidates being offered. Senator McCarthy and Mayor Lindsay have, in our view, personal qualities and a style of leadership much more in keeping with the spirit of the times than any of those most often men-

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tioned as likely entrants. To be sure, delegates nominate, but why shouldn't delegates be encouraged to enlarge the list of possibilities? There is nothing "in the book" that says American voters cannot express preferences before the conventions; if more of them did so, they might get better candidates.

Grasping at Chaos

Panic can be as lacerating as bigotry. In its contemporary drive, the civil rights movement is about ten years old (the Montgomery bus strike was in 1956), and already voices are heard crying that the Grail is lost, that we are incapable of brotherhood and must settle for a two-color country — increasingly black in the major cities and dominantly white everywhere else. Ten years and all is lost; it took almost twenty years for a disgusted nation to repeal Prohibition. And a country in which disadvantaged Negroes are crowded into all the former industrial and financial centers, while the affluent whites withdraw to a continent-spanning suburban sprawl, is a picture so grotesque that only desperation could evoke it.

Yet that is what W. H. Ferry, vice president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, was in substance calling for in a speech he gave early this month at Stanford University. "The U.S.," he said, "is irremediably disunited on lines of race." "We must discover a philosophy and machinery for the democratic government of a separated country."

Mr. Ferry, who reflects a mood of surrender that is growing within us, is without hope because "if the whites had ever wanted integration [they] would have rushed to achieve it as we rushed to the moon." This assumes that the American public at large wants to rush to the moon, that rushing to the moon is the most prudent way to get there and that a technological tour de force is comparable with changing the assumptions, habits and prejudices of a people. With due respect, it seems to us that Mr. Ferry has become too much accustomed to the "crash programs" of "think tanks." Not everything can be accomplished in the wink of an institute's eye; the hearts of men move more slowly.

The anxiety thus evidenced by Mr. Ferry, and too many others who share his will to surrender (see "Retreat to Separate but Equal" by Ivor Kraft, p. 552), overlooks the enormous gains that have been made toward racial justice in a decade, and focuses staring eyes upon the urban riots of the past two summers and the strident voice of Negro nationalism. The civil rights legislation of the present Administration and its predecessors is not a chimera; it is no illusion that Negro mayors now preside over Cleveland and Gary. Dr. King was not given the Nobel Prize by inadvertence. It is not insignificant that race has become the most conspicuous social problem in this country. When the bulk of Americans agree that a problem exists—be it woman suffrage, capital punishment, birth control or anti-Semitism—the change is eventually made. Integration may be harder, but every indication suggests that its goal is similarly attainable.

Of course, the Vietnamese War has slowed social progress; of course, there has been a white backlash in

IN THIS ISSUE

November 27, 1967

EDITORIALS

546

ARTICLES

550 Letter to a Tyrant
Stephen W. Rousseas and Robert Clements

The Other War
552 Retreat to Separate but Equal
Ivor Kraft

555 The Ghetto Is People
Jerome Aumente

558 Spill-Over: The Costs of Growth
E. J. Mishan

561 Chicago:
Labor Meets for Peace
B. J. Widick

BOOKS & THE ARTS

564 The Dawks and the Hoves — *Kenneth Lamott*
565 Bad Man in the Real World — *Shaun O'Connell*
567 A Story Out of a Symbol — *Curt Leviant*
568 The Fashion of Peeping Toms — *Margaret Croyden*
569 Illustrated in Black & White — *Leonard Levitt*
570 Art — *Max Kozloff*
572 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
573 Films — *Robert Hatch*
573 Publius Vergilius Maro (poem) — *William Stafford*
574 Television — *John Horn*
575 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

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politics; of course, Negro-white relations have to a degree polarized (whites, we are told, no longer go to Harlem for entertainment; we are also told that Negro entertainers now work freely in clubs all over town). The riots were predictable; they would have occurred even had we "rushed" to integrate, because no man has less patience than the victim of long oppression who senses that his day has dawned. Revolutions break out, not in the abyss but as conditions begin to improve.

But it is sheer folly to say that, because of these things, apartheid is our fate. Apartheid is never a nation's fate; it must be enforced by unnatural law. To suggest that Negro and white Americans should agree to go their separate ways is to grasp not at a straw but at chaos. A moment's thought should convince anyone that it would mean an exacerbation of exploitation and oppression, a result that would indeed shatter our society if anyone were so wicked as to attempt it. We are committed to integration and we are no longer arguing principles, but only methods and symptoms. The process is moving; it is also rife with unrest, misunderstanding, exaggeration, intemperance and tragedy. Can anyone recall a great step forward in human decency that was not so beset?

Voices of Doubt

On November 7 Rep. Thomas B. Curtis (R., Mo.) unburdened himself of some sour thoughts on the Vietnamese War, pointing out that our eighty-month stretch of economic boom has been "fueled by a costly and bloody war," and that the expansion is now slowing despite a million new jobs opened up by the war and an increase of 700,000 in the armed forces. Alongside this dubious prosperity we have the highest interest rates in forty years (one way or another, home buyers now pay about 7 per cent on new mortgage debt) and further inflation is in prospect. "If there is any cause for cheer or self-congratulation in this picture," says Mr. Curtis, "I fail to see it."

Mr. Curtis' misgivings may not travel far beyond his own constituency and the *Congressional Record*; however, he quotes from a *Wall Street Journal* editorial (November 2) which likewise points out that the present expansion, especially in the last three years, has benefited by war and by "the fantastic military expenditures of some $75 billion a year." The editorial inveighs against "uncontrolled spending" and questions whether overextended credit, deficit and debt may not wreak the same kind of havoc that private recklessness brought on forty years ago.

The *Journal* is not a voice crying in the wilderness: when it cries, important people listen. The same may be said of Generals Lauris Norstad and James M. Gavin, both retired but both highly respected in military as in business quarters. As chairman of the board of Arthur D. Little, Inc., the Cambridge, Mass., research and consulting firm, General Gavin carries particular weight in Boston banking and industrial circles, where bright political ideas originate from time to time. It was from Boston that Henry Cabot Lodge was sent to interview General Eisenhower at NATO headquarters, with historical consequences.

Gavin has now returned from his inspection trip to South Vietnam with no significant change in his views. "He's a very tough man," comments one official in the war zone. "He's not ready to yield one centimeter." Before leaving for Vietnam, Gavin told an audience in White Plains, N. Y., that he wanted to make sure that "the White House is not saying one thing while preparing in Vietnam for another." Presumably "another" would be an invasion of North Vietnam.

General Norstad, formerly supreme commander of NATO, is worried about "the erosion of our credibility as a leader beyond our shores." He supports the President, "but not uncritically." He is in favor of trying an unconditional cessation of bombing and of Senator Symington's idea of a pause in all military activity, by way of experiment. Like Symington, he feels that if that fails the war must be pressed to an early conclusion, but with conventional weapons.

The Nation does not regard the Gavin enclave plan as highly promising, and also has reservations about the Norstad-Symington proposals. What seems more significant is the uneasiness manifested by powerful financial and military interests. They do not share the autointoxication of the President's November 10-11 swing around the military bases, and what they say and do can hardly fail to affect his prospects for 1968.

The Limits of Decorum

The demonstration which erupted in New York against Dean Rusk's appearance at the Foreign Policy Association dinner was pictured on the late news TV broadcasts as a "riot," militarily directed by kids with bullhorns, out to disrupt, tear up and stain the city red just for the hell of it. This vision is supposed to horrify us and indeed it does, though perhaps not for the reasons implied by the networks.

The young demonstrators are in a horrifying state of desperation, and so are their counterparts on campuses across the country, where struggles take place almost daily against recruitment in what the students view as the business of death. The Foreign Policy dinner brought together representatives of the Administration and military and industrial elites; young anti-war elements in New York felt that such a meeting should not be allowed to take place unchallenged, as if all were well in the country. It is they who are being ordered to serve, and if their consciences do not permit them to do so, they are enjoined to dissent with decorum. Instead, they threw the blood of chickens and cows on the sidewalks of New York as a reminder that the war spills blood—American and Vietnamese. Depending on the sympathies of the viewer, the response to their wild acts is that their behavior is unmannerly, foolish, courageous or wrongheaded. Whatever one's sympathies, the spectacle is painful; young people should not be driven to public rampage. But can any among the critics of this youthful folly suggest to the boys and girls concerned a more effective way to end the criminal folly of Vietnam?

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The Protest Spreads

The following open letter to President Johnson has been signed by 1,300 Fellows and active members of the American Sociological Association:

> We deplore the conduct of the Vietnam war and its effects on our own society.
>
> We wish to protest against: the continued bombing of North Vietnam and the killing of innocent civilians in the face of evidence and testimony from many knowledgeable individuals including our own Secretary of Defense that such bombing cannot succeed in forcing peace negotiations; the destructive effects of the war on the very society which it is supposed to succor, including the killing of tens of thousands of civilians, forcible removal and destruction of entire communities, crop destruction, a million people left homeless, and the fostering of a military regime which has failed to effect land reform and has suppressed religious and political dissent; the continuation of policies which seek military solutions to problems which are social and political in character, and the pattern of military escalation which appears to ignore long-range consequences in favor of illusory short-term gains, threatening the precarious balance of terror and increasing the likelihood of another world war of unparalleled destructiveness; the diversion of resources from the attempt to deal with our most serious social problems—urban development, poverty, racial discrimination—which will not yield to fragmentary token efforts but must be the focus of massive concerted action.
>
> We urge, in the following order: an immediate and unconditional cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam; an immediate, vigorous and genuine attempt to seek negotiations for peace with representation of all parties concerned; an orderly, phased withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam.

Defense Gravy Train

In the October 19 *Los Angeles Times* Harry Bernstein, a labor editor and *Nation* contributor, describes the near-halcyon state of labor relations at Lockheed Aircraft Corporation for the past thirty years. In an 8-page pamphlet, Lockheed celebrates its amicable ties with the AFL-CIO International Association of Machinists and the success of the IAM-Lockheed "every-man-a-capitalist" program, which is said to be spreading to other companies. Under this arrangement, negotiated in 1964 and started in 1966, the company puts up 50c for every $1 the worker invests in stocks or government bonds. The present $4 weekly limit goes up to $6 on January 1, 1968, and there is now nearly $20 million in the program, with $900,000 more coming in each month to be invested for workers in the security markets.

With 93,000 employees, Lockeed is the country's largest defense contractor. It has an assured market at the Pentagon. Any increase in labor costs can be assimilated in the arms program. There is no need to plan obsolescence to maintain sales at a high level—for research-oriented suppliers like Lockheed rapid obsolescence and prosperity are built into military procurement. So what the "every-man-a-capitalist" program really amounts to is that Lockheed is smart enough to cut the workers in on earnings to a degree sufficient to enlist them in the military-industrial complex. That may keep both Lockheed and labor happy, but earnings, profits, pay increases, dividends and jobs all ride on the defense gravy train.

Lockheed is no doubt a special case but there is good reason to believe that labor continues to enjoy its privileged status as a junior partner in the business of arms.

For example, a poll of delegates at thirteen union conventions during the last two months indicates overwhelming support for present U.S. policy in Vietnam. The poll was conducted at AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (COPE) booths at conventions of AFL-CIO organizations in ten states. Of 3,542 delegates polled, 1,448 favored continuation of the present policy, 1,368 favored escalation, 471 endorsed a policy of de-escalation and only 276 approved the idea of withdrawal. However, it must be kept in mind, in interpreting these results, that the AFL-CIO leadership has enthusiastically supported cold-war policies for the last twenty years, at the same time redbaiting the potential opposition. But a new wind is blowing in the labor movement (see article p. 561) and in today's changed climate of opinion, it should be possible to build a strong minority opposition to the war in the ranks of labor.

'Of, By and For the Rich'

There is a parallel between the problem of poverty amid affluence within the United States, and the impending collision between the rich nations and the poor ones. In the United States, when $10 billion a year, let us say, would alleviate poverty on a significant scale and eventually make most of those now dependent self-sustaining, we appropriate $2 billion and the next year start whittling it down. In the world community, such as it is, those conversant with the problem of the poor nations are on the verge of despair. On October 27, George D. Woods, president of the World Bank, the International Development Association, etc., addressed the Swedish Bankers Association. He complimented his listeners on their generous support of the Development Association but added: ". . . at the same time, it underlines the fact that ordinary commercial lending on a 'business as usual' basis is not adequate to meet the enormous problems which developing nations must confront." And he painted a gloomy picture of the international financial situation as a whole. From 1961 through 1966, the developed nations added some $300 billion to their combined gross national product, but aid to the underdeveloped has remained almost stationary at the level of $6 billion a year reached in 1961. It amounts to about *six-tenths of 1 per cent* of the national income of the developed nations. The flow of private capital rose, reaching a net of amortization of $4 billion in 1965, but fell back to $3.4 billion in 1966, and Mr. Woods points out that the bulk of these private funds is concentrated in only a few developing countries, mostly, he says, those that possess marketable mineral resources. The old story, in short. When what used to be a colonial country has raw materials that the industrialized countries need, it may be exploited but it can get financing. But heaven help those colonies, inde-

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pendent now but still needy, that have little to export or whose exports are directed to a declining market.

In the 19th century the United States was a debtor country, importing principally German and British capital to build its railroads and industries. It had the technology it needed, and was fortunate in resources and in freedom from the ravages of war. The poor countries are those that have never got started in the technological race, or that have little to sell that anyone will buy, or that have so many mouths to feed and so little average income to do it with that except for a governing elite, their people are hungry from the cradle to the grave—and the time from one to the other is not long.

Like the poor in America who borrow from those friendly finance companies, poor countries, unable to meet their obligations to the first lender, try to borrow from another, but when they succeed their obligations become still greater. Now, according to David K. Willis in *The Christian Science Monitor* (who got his data from the experts at the World Bank), no less than two-thirds of all new government-to-government loans are being diverted from building dams and raising food production, or doing something else that might improve living standards and hold out some hope of self-sufficiency, to what he calls "the dead-end task of debt payment." This debt service is going up at the rate of 13 per cent a year, while exports from these countries are rising by only 6 per cent.

If the situation were static it would be bad enough, but it is getting worse. The poor countries are poor partly because we are rich—and getting richer. Our gross national product goes up $40 billion a year, almost as much as the entire GNP of India or the whole of Africa. But 950 million people live in those poor countries and, like our own internal poor, they are not quite impotent. Poor people without hope can riot, and poor nations in the same case can go to war and perhaps involve the great powers. A neo-colonial, have-not explosion is building up.

A UN trade and development conference is scheduled for next February in Delhi, appropriately enough, since India is in the deepest trouble. Will anything happen? Given the economic relationships that dominate the capitalist world, *can* anything happen? Two things are certain: that conference should command world attention, and the Communist and capitalist powers, if they value their own interests, had better stop bickering.

Letter to a Tyrant

STEPHEN W. ROUSSEAS and ROBERT CLEMENTS

Shortly after the arrest in Athens of Dr. Andreas Papandreou, Professors Robert Clements and Stephen Rousseas of New York University formed, with 700 colleagues, the American-Canadian University Committee for Andreas Papandreou. A copy of the first circular letter of this committee fell into the hands of Brigadier Pattakos, one of the three oligarchs who seized power and prevented the May elections which promised to give Dr. Papandreou a leading role in the Center Union government. After obtaining the letter, addressed exclusively to administrators and professors in the United States and Canada, Brigadier Pattakos on June 17 wrote the following reply to Professors Clements and Rousseas, releasing it to the Greek international press even before mailing it to New York:

Gentlemen:

I have received your letter dated April 28, 1967, and I assure you that I read it with great attention.

It is quite obvious that the motive of your movement happens to be your friendly ties with Mr. A. Papandreou; hence I consider it my obligation to inform you on a reality which I am sure you are not aware of.

Mr. Papandreou has been detained in custody pending trial, by the unbribed Hellenic Justice for a certain offense related to a time before April 21, 1967.

As you understand, if it is to be understood that no intervention is allowed to the internal affairs of the Hellenic State, how much more no intervention is allowed to the task of the Hellenic Justice which is the only competent authority to judge the guilt and the fate of Mr. Papandreou.

Consequently, I was surprised to read your letter because it was not signed by common people but by men of letters, particularly by Professors of a great and Allied country whose liberty-loving, polite and brave people have been fighting for their liberty and for the freedom of the people of the world, and which American People, naturally, expect their Professors to be consistent to what they keep teaching.

Your movement, dear gentlemen, is being placed before the judgment of the people of your country, and the judgment of our people as well.

Sincerely yours,

STYLIANOS PATTAKOS
BRIGADIER-GENERAL

The two professors thus addressed have asked *The Nation* to be the vehicle of their following open reply:

Dear Sir:

If we have not hurried to answer your courteously expressed letter, it is because we have been watching with disbelief the systematic destruction of all the basic democratic freedoms of your great land. You use freely the words "justice" and "liberty" in your letter. May we remind you that if consistency is an obligation of professors, as you say, it ought also to be a requirement of those who claim to speak for a nation.

You are correct in assuming that many of the 700 members of our Committee are bound by friendship to Dr. Papandreou, whose distinguished career as an

The correspondents, Professors Clements and Rousseas, teach literature and economics respectively in New York University's graduate school. Professor Rousseas' book, The Death of a Democracy: Greece and the American Conscience, *will be published by Grove Press in December.*

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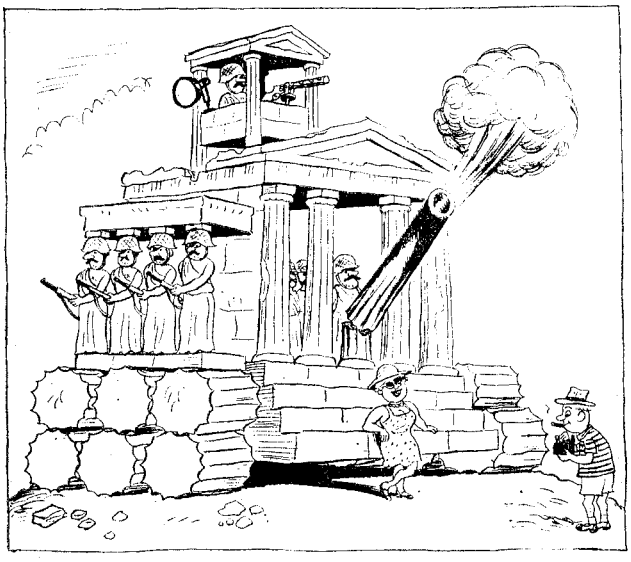
economist spanned four major American universities spread across the length of this country. Seldom has an academic man left such a trail of loyalty and devotion and admiration in his wake. The scholarly communities of the United States and Canada are aware of Andreas' great integrity and dedication to the principles of social justice and progress, and of his struggle against an earlier fascism as a combat member of the U.S. Navy during World War II. The attempt of your "government" to depict him as a philo-Communist or leftist in politics or economics is a contrived and transparent falsehood to those who know him and have read his works.

Do not, Sir, be deluded by the seeming passive approval of your regime in some of our newspapers or in certain Washington circles. The "liberty-loving, polite, and brave" American people, as you so generously refer to them, are shocked and grieved by the fate of the universities, labor unions, free press, and elections at your hands and those of your military colleagues. If *Le Monde* of Paris is correct in suggesting that it was the



Juhl, P.I.B. (Copenhagen): Ben Roth

Acropolis 1967

American Government that launched you into power, this was done without the consent of the governed here as well as in Greece. Indeed, the mere suspicion that elements of our government were responsible for the *Putsch* in Athens is another reason for its present unpopularity as attested in recent polls and editorials.

You speak with assurance of your custody of Greek justice. Was it not Epictetus who stated that every place is safe to him who lives with justice? Can you reconcile this with the 6,000 prisoners whose lives you have destroyed without just cause? Can you reconcile this with the fact that as Minister of the Interior you have been violating all semblance of due process by the indefinite postponement of an open trial for Dr. Andreas Papandreou and the others seized with him? Can you reconcile this with your decrees which expose to a five-year prison sentence anyone who speaks unfavorably of your illegal regime? Could it be, Mr. Minister, that even your major witnesses against Dr. Papandreou have left you publicly, and you need time to manufacture new ones? Could it be that your regime lacks *any* evidence which could stand up in any Anglo-Saxon court of justice? Could this be why your vaunted and independent and incorruptible Greek justice has even failed to present an indictment against Dr. Papandreou?

Specifically, with the trial forthcoming of Andreas Papandreou (if it is held at all), we ask that you give direct and public answers to the following questions:

What transfer of judges has been made during the past year to the court which will hear the so-called Aspida case? And to the Appeals court as well? What were the dates of transfer and the political coloration of the judges so transferred? In short, were preparations going on prior to the coup of April 21 by your junta in order not only to frame Andreas but to assure yourselves of the verdict? Where, Mr. Pattakos, is your "unbribed Hellenic Justice"?

What were the *first* charges made at the Pikermi Motel, immediately after the coup, against Andreas by the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Socratides? On what date were they made and why have they not been made public?

How soon, normally, is final indictment made after the initial charges have been filed, and why have six months passed without the filing of charges?

Is Andreas entitled to appeal first charges? And, if so, why was his appeal not allowed?

How many other civilians have been charged in the Aspida matter? And are they in jail at the present time?

When will the final indictment come out?

Since your regime has argued that the case is in the hands of Greek justice, why has there been a delay on the final indictment? It was scheduled to be released initially on June 15, then rescheduled for July 18 and October 15.

What does your criminal code say about the length of time after final indictment that trial must be held?

When do *you*, Mr. Pattakos, expect the trial to be held?

Will the trial be open and will foreign observers be permitted?

On what charge has Andreas Papandreou's lawyer, Agamemnon Koutsogiongas, been arrested? Is this, too, a part of your unprejudiced Greek justice?

A fair trial always means that both sides of the story will be presented. Will witnesses for Andreas feel free to testify without fear of reprisal? Will your "free" press present an unbiased account of the trial, if and when it is held?

If Greek justice is so eminently unbiased and fair, why has the International Commission of Jurists strongly protested the manner in which Andreas Papandreou's case is being handled?

We would welcome answers to these questions. But to return to your original letter, its tone suggests that you consider yourself the spokesman of the Greek people. However, since you have specified that our movement will be judged by people in and out of Greece, may we point out that the same is true of you and your colleagues in the military junta now ruling Greece. History will judge you, Mr. Pattakos, and from present portents judge you severely. Greek history has had a number of ill-advised tyrants who have tried to put their people in chains and stifle any opposition—tyrants whose names are recorded in shame, as far back as Tantalus and Phalaris. Of the latter, as you will remember, Pindar has chronicled:

> . . . In every land
> His evil name overwhelms him.

It is already very late. Curiously but inevitably, it is not you who will judge Dr. Andreas Papandreou. It is Dr. Papandreou, no matter what "justice" you may be contemplating for him, who will stand throughout history as your judge.

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THE OTHER WAR

Retreat to Separate but Equal

IVOR KRAFT
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Separate educational systems for whites and Negroes became the norm throughout the South and much of the North during the last third of the 19th century. Because our American tradition incorporates a deep and not easily ignored concern for equality and equal treatment under the law, and because there was something called a Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, the educational authorities had to assuage their consciences about a black school system. It was quite acceptable that it be separate, for that was in a hallowed educational tradition, but, at least for the sake of appearances, it was necessary also to affirm that it was equal. "Separate but equal" had a good, solid ring to it, and was sanctioned by the Supreme Court in the famous 1896 case of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* (the case actually dealt with transportation), despite the stern dissent in which Justice John Marshall Harlan declared that "our Constitution is color-blind, and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens." The doctrine of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* was not decisively rejected by the court until 1954. Wishful thinking transformed a prejudice and a fiasco into a virtue. Separate but equal was a doctrine so natural, so persuasive that it won over many Negro leaders.

After the impressive rejection of separate but equal in 1954, many liberal educators were optimistic. Black school systems were dissolved, and some bold and constructive steps were taken toward integration. But then an obstinate reaction set in, with the South openly defying the law of the land, and with the large Northern school systems gradually being transformed by a relentless and galloping process of re-segregation. And now once more, as after the Reconstruction era in the South, the authentic liberal view on racial integration threatens to go down under in a mood of fatigue and defeatism.

A new and unnatural alliance of separate but equal supporters has begun to emerge in the past year or so. It is a three-sided unacknowledged coalition, the parties to which despise one another's general position. At the right are the die-hards, the embittered lower-class white ethnic elements, the out-and-out reactionaries. But they have learned to clean up their language of late. In Milwaukee they may under provocation cuss and throw rotten fruit, but usually they are content to voice their beliefs as a demand for the integrity of the "neighborhood school."

In the middle are the various groupings of moderates who want to rid themselves of the burden of implementing integration. Inevitably they introduce their arguments for a "black but good" system of inner-city schools with a passionate avowal of integration as an ultimate ideal. They then immediately bury this ideal, explaining that for the present it is hopeless and thus false, and ending up with glowing accounts of what can be achieved in ghetto schools by special remedial programs, usually called "compensatory education."

At the left of the new alliance are the radical supporters of separate but equal, and foremost among them the black separatists who profess to want no part of white society, white schools, white childhood, and who demand that under their leadership the black brothers and sisters in the ghettos be given total control over their separate institutions. These ideologists of American *négritude* are now supported by a small group of white sociological speculators, who no longer see any hope for strategies of integration, and who interpret all efforts at white-initiated reconstruction of the ghetto as direct or indirect efforts to impose the constraints of corporate imperialism on the blacks. The motto of these groups is elegant in its simplicity: what is the point of integrating with the enemy?

The three elements have little in common, but one can envision them coming together on a joint educational policy firmly planted on the bedrock of separate but equal and with a tacit understanding not to plan beyond ten years. They would be prevented from shaking hands on the deal, not by an ideological hassle about what was to take place in the apartheid schools but by an inability to come to terms on budgeting. The Left would want some schools to be very much more equal than others, the middle would settle for some being more equal "within reason," and the Right would insist on strictest equality. (It is a favorable sign of the times that even arch conservatives can no longer offer excuses for underbudgeting all-Negro schools.)

The columnist Joseph Alsop, whom many of us have heretofore failed to recognize as a philosopher of education, has recently published the most spirited defense of *de facto* ghetto education ("No More Nonsense About Ghetto Education!" *New Republic,* July 22). Although his points are ably refuted in a reply by Robert Schwartz, Thomas Pettigrew and Marshall Smith (*New Republic,* September 23), Alsop continues to maintain that separate but equal is not only inevitable for years to come but quite acceptable under the circumstances.

First of all, Alsop is incensed by a recent and influential decision handed down by Judge J. Skelly Wright of the Washington, D.C., Circuit, which emphatically condemns the *de facto* segregation of the District school system, and which forced the resignation of the city's school superintendent. The national columnist refers to the judge's decision as "wicked," asserting that it is "plain silly" to talk about serious desegregation of Washington's schools—

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despite the fact that the greater metropolitan Washington area contains more white than Negro children, and that it would be possible to readjust certain arbitrary school district lines, construct new school centers, bus some children, and thus achieve a quite well-balanced school population. It would certainly be a far easier task than, say, the pacification of Vietnamese villagers, which Alsop deems a snap for American know-how.

Along with many others, Alsop is convinced that the key to racial justice in America is the bringing of Negro children up to grade level in reading and arithmetic. Only do that, and the true equality we have so long aspired to in vain will follow inevitably—in due course. Why? Because the American people just cannot resist honoring achievement when they see it. Show them a Joe Louis, a Marian Anderson, a Willy Mays, and the walls of prejudice come tumbling down. Says Alsop: "Brilliant Negro achievements is the answer."

But in fact, the essence of the racial tragedy, as militant liberals and uncompromising integrationists have long recognized, is that *nothing* the Negro *alone* can do will win him genuine and total acceptance. Neither brilliant achievements, nor obsequious servility, nor other-worldly saintliness nor bloody rebellion will turn the trick. It is something that the *white man* must do in America that will solve our racial problem; it is the whites who are now called upon to make a "brilliant achievement." Failing to attain to this insight, the Alsops and the school bureaucrats and the disoriented white sociologists who are infatuated with black separatism find the panacea in a resanctified ghetto.

There are no educational cure-alls for our deep racial problems. But even an imperfect but genuinely integrated educational system is better than a compensatory, separate but equal, ghetto system. If we do not bring all of our Negro children up to grade level in ciphering and mechanical reading, if they trail white children by a few points on IQ scores, this will not greatly matter. The social, psychological, moral and even political gains of an integrated educational system far outweigh the mechanical point differences in IQ and grade-level scores.

It is odd that we have come to place so much faith in grade-level standings. Perhaps it is an unthinking carryover from our preoccupation with sports and pollsterism. Certainly we do not pass judgment on our mothers and fathers, our public entertainers, even our Presidents, on the basis of reading and arithmetic levels. The Negro child's deficiencies in spelling or ciphering or pronouncing his "th's" are not what deprive him of his place in American society, any more than an inability to spell kept Jackson from winning the Presidency, or an uncouthness in parsing ordinary English sentences prevented Eisenhower from commanding our armies in Europe and later serving as president of Columbia University, or a lack of social graces prevents tens of thousands of semi-literate businessmen from commanding social prestige and handsome incomes. If we want the Negro child to think of himself as the equal of white children, we must invite him to grow up side by side with white children. IQ scores and reading level statistics will take careof themselves.

There are a number of reasons why it is all but impossible to maintain a quality system of lower-class black schools in the inner city. To begin with, the money needed to implement "compensatory" schemes that would go beyond window dressing is enormous in the context of typical expenditures for education. Even with massive federal aid, it would be more than any metropolitan government could possibly agree to invest in an exclusively nonwhite network of schools.

Over the past twelve years, perhaps a score of really ambitious compensatory schemes have been launched in American cities; one of the most famous and highly touted was the now defunct Higher Horizons program in New York City. A few years ago, some of the most highly placed educators and politicians were swearing by Higher Horizons; it was the prototype of a system that would replace the educational smog of the slum with the rich golden haze of middle-class achievement. It did nothing of the sort, and had to be abandoned with dishonor. No one talks about Higher Horizons any more; they talk now about More Effective Schools (MES). Joseph Alsop says that the news about the MES program is so "wonderful" that it should be posted "in Mao-style Big Character Posters in the corridors of every university where educational theorists flourish."

The truth is that MES schools have made no significant change in educational achievement. According to a careful assessment by the Center for Urban Education, fourth and fifth graders after thirty-six months in the program were "further behind the standards of normal progress than when they began. . . ." Alsop's "Mao-style Big Character" language notwithstanding, the educational nostrum has not yet been found in Manhattan, and the smog still lies thick on the schools.

But the chief point is not the educational failure of the MES program—which could have been predicted three years ago on the basis of what we then knew about compensatory efforts—but the financial cost of this failure. The per pupil expenditure for education in Ohio was about $500 in 1965. The corresponding cost in the MES program in New York is about $1,300. I see nothing wrong with doubling or even tripling investments in public education. Indeed, considering that we have a gross national product that now approaches $800 billion, I see no reason why we should not at once devote $100 billion rather than $50 billion to the education of our children. But it makes no sense to double or triple expenditures for segregated slum education only to fail time after time. Sense would be to invest this money in direct efforts to integrate the schools.

Compensatory efforts are doomed not only because of their costs but also because of certain unavoidable human factors. Peer relationships, street influences, the psychological climate that pervades the inner-city school are so powerful, and generally so dysfunctional, that they largely offset the impact of even the most inventive academic and technological upgrading.

It is important to understand what is meant by peer and street influences, and not to exaggerate them beyond their real significance. Ghetto children are not incapable of learning. They are not so "culturally deprived" that if

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Marino, Excelsior (Mexico): Ben Roth

we do not grab them at 2 years and begin drilling them with phonics and electric typewriters they will be lost to us forever. But it is true that the atmosphere in most inner-city schools is so indifferent or hostile to academic pursuits, so polluted by the debasements of ghetto existence, that an active, creative approach to studies cannot prevail.

Still a third reason why "separate but compensatorily equal" education cannot be effective in the inner city is that the teaching staffs often consist of poorly trained and poorly motivated upwardly mobile Negroes, who have only recently attained a precarious middle-class status and who are themselves the products of shoddy, segregated education. Sad to say, these teachers frequently exhibit rigid and openly hostile attitudes toward lower-class Negro children. In recent years a more enlightened and sympathetic teacher has emerged from among Negroes inspired by the civil rights movement, but the group is as yet small, and it is not growing fast enough. There are simply not enough first-rate Negro—and white—teachers around to staff other than the small pilot programs. For the foreseeable future ghetto schools will be under the effective command of a teaching corps that defines the "good" or "orderly" school atmosphere in terms that more humane and skillful teachers see as cold, authoritarian and conforming uncreatively to the trivial symbols of newly attained middle-class status.

But these are practical obstacles; a more basic consideration is sociological.

Supporters of the "black but good" thesis of public education deny that the inner-city systems can be cured by integration alone. They are convinced that we must reach and change the children within the schools as they now exist. This view is clearly expressed by James E. Russell, secretary of the Educational Policies Commission, in *Change and Challenge in American Education*. He characterizes the malignancy of the disadvantaged now threatening the security of America as follows:

> There is at present a cancer eating at the heart of our nation. Whether we can cure it or not only the future will tell. It is not a problem of segregation or desegregation, of employment or unemployment, of race relations; it is not even a question of human justice, although it involves all those problems. It is the problem of our underdeveloped people. We have called them "disadvantaged Americans." They are referred to also as the culturally deprived. Sometimes I wish that we could use the term "neolithic," for it fits.

This educational policy maker means well, but note how he establishes the premise. The problem is not in the economic or political system, in the industrial and military priorities. It is not even fundamently a matter of race relations or human justice, although it "involves" these matters. It is the presence in our midst of what the author quaintly but chillingly refers to as a "neolithic" element—Negroes, poor rural whites, Puerto Ricans and the like. These constitute the cancer that is "eating at the heart of our nation."

From such an interpretation there follow a number of contradictory and quite useless prescriptions. First, Mr. Russell submits that, while desegregation may be democratic and fair and a step in the right direction (it costs nothing to concede that much), it is hardly a realistic or genuine cure for the ailment. One does not cure a cancer by introducing it within a healthy body; one does not civilize a "neolithic" by having him share a classroom with a son of the affluent middle class. The unspoken conclusion of this argument, as of so many others, is that compensatory education (attempts to salvage the "neolithics" within their own setting) is the more promising strategy. In their separate schools they will attain to a greater equality. It is *for their own good* that they will be schooled separately, but equally, as befits their cancerous and neolithic condition. And they will not infect others.

Another prominent spokesman for the "neolithic" thesis is the former superintendent of schools in Washington, D.C., who gave a memorable interview to *U.S. News & World Report* (July 24). The superintendent expressed fear of vaguely identified "school activists" who are trying to make a "social revolution" at the expense of the schools. He denounced innovators in Washington, and asserted that there is "now clear evidence" that certain "people in high political office" want to destroy local control and take over the schools. The superintendent defended the notorious track system. He opposed busing and

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condemned the concept of educational parks. He even rejected the idea of fostering cooperation between suburban and inner-city schools as a means to a better racial and economic mix. Finally, he praised Southern Congressmen for their generous and "extremely responsive" financial support of the Washington schools—this despite the fact that the schools had been operating on paltry handouts for more than a decade.

Yet, for the past thirteen years the man who held these views was the darling of the educational establishment, and even gained for himself an "integrationist" reputation. In those years he presided over a system that moved from a Negro enrollment of about 50 per cent to one of 93 per cent—and the blacker, shabbier and more backward his system became, the more his enlightened "integrationist" philosophy was hailed by his fellow school men. When he was at last brought to a forced resignation, he placed the blame on sinister forces and promptly revealed a social and educational philosophy that would have been slightly stuffy in the days of Calvin Coolidge.

The case of the Washington superintendent is not unique. Indeed, it is probably typical. School people have allowed themselves to be used. It would be absurd to insist that school men and board members, purely on their own, should resist the forces that now perpetuate the metropolitan ghetto. But copious evidence presented in the recent report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, *Racial Isolation in the Public Schools,* documents the extent to which the big city superintendents and boards have cooperated, actively and passively, in the attempts to prevent or at least slow down school integration.

It is a straightforward matter to reject the views of the Right and middle sectors of the alliance described earlier. The position of the black advocates of "black education" cannot be disposed of so easily. They are entitled to their militant position, and it is not for white liberals to instruct them on what is in their best interest.

But that is no reason (nor has anything happened in education or politics over the past decade to provide a reason) for militant white liberals and responsible educators to abandon their profoundest commitment on the question of racial integration in American society. There is no future for a democratic and humanistic civilization in America premised on a system of black apartheid schools, a philosophy of "black education" that erects aims and methods and beliefs that will be somehow different from another system that is called "white education," following a peculiar pattern reminiscent of the Nazi claim that there was an "Aryan psychology" which could not permit itself to be contaminated by a "Jewish psychology."

For hundreds of years wise men have been saying that there is no "way to peace." Peace itself *is* the way. It has taken a thermonuclear bomb to convince the majority of mankind of this insight. For 100 years the authentic and militant liberal position concerning race in America—a position uncompromisingly held by only a few—has been that there is no way to racial integration, no rigmarole of prior maneuvers, but that integration itself is the way. The plunge must be taken. At work, in schools, in churches, in social life, racial integration must occur.

After decades of painstaking education and persuasion, this view has now come to prevail within a sizable minority of the American population. It is by no means the majority view, although it is probably accurate to say that racial integration is now the formal ideal to which all spokesmen for American society must publicly commit themselves, no matter how deep their private reservations.

It is illusory to think that because *de jure* segregation has been declared illegal, the struggle for integrated schools is being won; that it is only a matter of time before complete victory will be achieved. That struggle has only begun, and the outcome is by no means assured. Just because a new horseman, this time with a black face, has mounted the steed of Separate-but-Equal and demands that we ride with him in a strategic retreat is no reason why we must doom still another generation of American youth to be schooled in racial isolation.

The Ghetto Is People

JEROME AUMENTE

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Even before the charred remains of the buildings were cleared from Detroit's riot-torn 12th Street area, urban planners were passing out hundreds of questionnaires among residents to learn how they would like to see the neighborhood rebuilt. Along the same line, Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh's prestigious citizens' committee, called "New Detroit," asked the Michigan Civil Rights Commission for advice on mobilizing action programs. The civil rights people advised an immediate review of the master plan to insure involvement of inner-city residents, and said frequent public meetings would foster an exchange of ideas with the man in the street.

Mayor Cavanagh continued the theme when he somberly appraised the riots for the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. In reshaping the city to keep the summer trouble from becoming prolonged winters of discontent, the Mayor said: "We must throw away the textbook as we do this planning. We must increase our effort to involve the community as we do this planning. We must have some way of reaching the militant as well as those who have given us hope."

About the same time, also in Washington, a group of regional leaders meeting as the "Urban Coalition," reviewed the last three summers of violence and declared that "the sickness of the cities, including civil disturbances

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within them, is the responsibility of the whole of America."

"Every American must join in the creation of a new political, social and moral climate that will make possible the breaking of the vicious cycle of the ghetto," the conference declared. Then came an important footnote: "Efforts must be made to insure the broadest possible opportunity for all citizens and groups, including those from the ghetto, to participate fully in shaping and directing the society of which they are a part."

This advice became international during a recent world conference in Toronto at which representatives of thirty-seven cities from Calcutta to New York met at York University. I participated in a seminar on urban planning at which a study paper by Dr. Ernest Weissmann, a United Nations adviser, warned that "ever more destructive riots are breaking out in the slums and ghettos of affluent countries." Seminar participants discussed his findings for two days and concluded that citizen participation was essential "not after the planning process has been completed, but before."

Today, in the aftermath of another violent summer, it seems clear that while a string of cures has been prescribed for America's ailing cities, too often the essential ingredients of human concern and citizen involvement have been lacking. Neighborhoods are leveled and the powerless inhabitants shunted around in programs of dislocation. A citizens' committee that studied housing in Cleveland this year reports that 60 per cent of those displaced by urban renewal are unaccounted for in the records. Nor are the poor the only group affected. Concrete stiltways cast dark shadows across the cities. Bland design and mediocre materials mark some of the "improvements" the modern city dweller must tolerate.

One day this year the international planner, Dr. Constantinos A. Doxiadis, met with Detroit industrialists and businessmen in their city, the center of one of his major current studies. Dr. Doxiadis recalled his first sight of an auto as a small boy playing in a green square outside his Athens home. From that moment on, the square was never the same. Today, it is a bus terminal. "We cannot eliminate the automobile, but also we cannot eliminate the human values of our cities."

He urged new research to create a balance—a synthesis of man, the city and the machine. As an immediate goal, he envisioned "the change of small areas of our neighborhoods in a way that we can re-establish human values in them. Let our children run to school, let ourselves walk, create better human surroundings and enjoy it. Let us re-create the cells of human life in the human scale." Later that day I met with Dr. Doxiadis and he smiled when describing the simple, common denominator of all cities: "Humans. They are built for humans. Average height, average weight, average desires. Walking, sleeping, the same habits, common desires for quiet surroundings, clean air, gardens."

Sen. Abraham A. Ribicoff made a similar assessment when he urged his Senate colleagues: "Look at the people, not the houses; at the individual, not the group; at what a man wants, not what someone tells him he needs." In a major floor speech, the Connecticut Democrat said: "We have become so bureaucratic in our thinking, so concerned with metropolitan, regional and national scale, that we have forgotten about the neighborhood and the people living there."

Even before the riots, the Detroit City Planning Commission was working with a local group, the Virginia Park Citizens Service Corp., in a $16 million federal project to conserve the 12th Street area. After the riots ended, alternative plans that had been in the works were speeded to the residents. They were asked to express damaged structures to a full-scale transformation with their opinions on proposals varying from replacement of boulevards, malls, new community and shopping centers and housing. The City Council also considered an innovating suggestion that an advocate be hired to protect the interests of citizens during the final planning and implementation.

In Chicago, the Department of Development and Planning has divided the city into sixteen development areas—6 to 20 square miles—each with 150,000 to 250,000 persons. Planning reports for each area list resources and existing conditions, and suggest alternative patterns for development. Citizens and civic groups study the reports, community opinion forms, and then city officials meet with the people. Revisions are made, and the final results are adopted by the city planning commission as a policy guide. John G. Duba, development and planning commissioner, said: "It makes, right away, a partnership between the public agency developing the plan and the people affected by it."

New York City has created fifty-eight community districts to bring citizens in closer touch with planning. Local urban renewal offices, urged by a special study team, will bring the districts closer to City Hall, and cut into the alienation about which slum dwellers complain.

Gov. George Romney believes the Detroit riots were caused in part by "well-intentioned renewal programs which displaced ghetto Negroes from their homes in other sections of the city, and produced even greater overcrowding in the already incendiary 12th Street area." Romney sharply revised his fall-winter schedule and before going on an overseas fact-finding tour visited the nation's urban slums. He explains: "It is important that public officials—and through their eyes all citizens—see the horrible conditions which breed frustration, hatred and revolt." Romney may have to delay his European trip again because the Michigan House of Representatives is stalling on the open housing legislation his administration has sponsored. Urban decay promises to be a major item in his Presidential bid.

City dwellers do not always wait for the government to move in their interests. When I was last in Milwaukee, residents were fighting a proposed freeway that would eat into an attractive lakeside bluff; they had gathered 40,000 signatures to put a blocking measure on the ballot. The Chicago chapter of the American Institute of Architects is opposing a $500 million proposed elevated freeway which it calls a "stiltway, a costly, ugly and inefficient blot on the cityscape, a monument to poor

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Conrad. Los Angeles Times

"An Anti-Ballistic Missile System To Protect This City?"

planning and gross insensitivity to urban values." One chapter vice president lashed out at the New Barbarism —"the attitude that cement mixers and expedience must take precedence over taste, beauty and environment shaped by men of sensitivity and talent." Protesting citizens in Chicago once tied themselves to trees to keep them from being uprooted for road expansion. When tree lovers thus saved 125 trees along Lakeshore Drive, children hung "thank you" signs on the trunks.

Residents in Chicago's Old Town have united in the skeletal organizational remains of a civil defense group to protect their personally renewed area of brownstones and row houses, now being written into the permanent master plan. Their distaste for a glass and steel existence echoes what Lewis Mumford told a *New York Times* interviewer: "These new apartments are dehumanized forms as dwellings. They reduce human beings to ciphers; they create feelings of impotence and unimportance. They make living just another aspect of the regimentation of business life." Impatience with urban ugliness shows in the growing demand for citizen fine arts boards and architectural review boards to encourage better design.

It is possible to romanticize the role of the general population; final decisions must still be made at the top. But the impetus for change rests in the political demands of a sensitive, informed people. Paul Brown, founder of the Detroit Area Forum for Metropolitan Goals has said: "What people would really want if they knew the alternatives has not been ground into the prescription."

And this means all the people, comfortable and poor. Detroit's $4 million transportation and land use study (TALUS) includes a "living patterns and attitude" survey to check the desires of all ethnic groups and income levels. Irving J. Rubin, head of TALUS, explained why: "Over the years, planners tended to base their recommendations on what planners thought people want. And this is usually based on a middle-income, white-collar-worker concept—of which planners are part."

What promises to be a valuable study is being made at Wayne State University. Armed with a federal grant, speedily allocated after the riots, faculty members are conducting detailed interviews with those who participated in the violence and looting, and those affected by the destruction. Even before the riots, Mel Ravitz, a Detroit councilman who also teaches urban sociology at the university, said: "Young people involved in horrendous crimes say it is a way of getting themselves known. They're heard from in this terrible way and we have not solved the problems of identity." The key, he thinks, will be found in the involvement of the citizens. Detroit Planning Director Charles Blessing agrees that "the goals of the city are not manifested by planners; they come from the people. The nub of the whole thing is the relation of physical and social goals."

In the aftermath of Cleveland's Hough riots there was ample evidence that neglect of the slums, and renewal directed away from badly needed low-cost housing, compounded pressures. Arthur L. Evans, a national vice president of CORE whom I met in Cleveland, explained that his group is now breaking the slums down into 20-block sections, the citizens are being organized, and their complaints tabulated. "With the mass we have the power of economic boycott, the political kind of power that comes with numbers," he said.

One can only hope that it will come in time. The volatile bitterness of the slums was apparent in a summation I got that same evening from Lewis Robinson, a militant Cleveland Negro who formed the now closed JFK (Jomo Freedom Kenyatta) House: "We've got to do it ourselves. The white man won't do it for you. This is the attitude of the ghetto: 'Child, if you want it, you've got to do it yourself.' We cried and prayed and until a few years ago were the most submissive of any people."

Detroit's anti-poverty director Philip J. Rutledge, who was instrumental in the group's change of name from Total Action Against Poverty to the Human Resources Commission, is a Negro who believes the American cities have failed to bring the Negroes from the backwaters to the mainstream, in a way the cities did not fail the European immigrant. "We are developing a new technique for dealing with the left-out of the city. The cities are on the national agenda now because so many Negroes move to the city and the process is not working."

Rutledge expressed what others, from Senators to planners, are saying, and what many more know after yet another summer of urban violence: "The greatest deterrent to the harmonious and beautiful life is the people who want to destroy it. You simply can't have the good life when so many people are outside the good life and don't want anybody else to have it. You're not going to make the city a beautiful place to live by bringing in more symphonies, more art museums, more buildings, more malls. The basic thing of the city is the people—and what they think."

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Spill-Over: The Costs of Growth

E. J. MISHAN

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London

According to the anthropologist, primitive peoples act rationally but within a social framework of myth and tabu. It would appear that affluent-society man is not very different. The great myth of the Great Society is that the inexorable advance of technology opens up prospects of a richer and more varied life for ordinary men and women. By accepting the myth, men and women appear to reject the plain evidence of their senses. Over the past two decades the physical environment in which they dwell has been sinking rapidly into a welter of disamenities, yet none of our political leaders can bear to raise his eyes from the indices of GNP to remark the painful event.

But skepticism about the connection between economic growth and the growth of social welfare is not enough. The question that intrigues is this: in an open society where the common man is believed to control the political mechanism through his vote, and the market mechanism through his dollars, how does it happen that changes which almost everybody deplores are inadvertently brought into being?

One reason is that any economic arrangement is likely to affect persons other than those who are parties to the contract. If a firm sells a product at a profit, this may be regarded as an advantage for the firm and also, perhaps, for the customers. Yet it is far from impossible that adverse effects on the public at large will exceed the gains attributable to the firm and its customers. Notwithstanding the commercial criterion of a positive profit, the net social change is negative. Obvious examples come under the category of "spill-over effects": industrial pollution of lakes and rivers, of the sea and of the air. Also hideous architecture; the destruction of forests, of natural beauty and wildlife. But the most flagrant example of private gain leading to public misfortune is that of motorized traffic.

The city as a center point of civilization, as a place of life and gaiety, is becoming a thing of the past. Hoarse beneath the fumes emitted by a proliferating swarm of vehicles, today's city bears closer resemblance to some gigantic clamorous arsenal. And none of the piecemeal attacks on the sorest affliction of 20th-century society has led to noticeable improvement. The transport economist's solution does not take us far. He can estimate "marginal congestion costs" to arrive at some "optimal" traffic flow, but only by ignoring, often explicitly, the so-called intangibles that are often by far the more important part of the spill-over effects inflicted by city traffic. The same blind eye is in evidence when estimating "optimal" parking charges or the rate of return on road building, and when wielding the now fashionable technique of cost-benefit analysis. Sometimes, as a gesture of technical bravado, economists may add to the social cost of motorized traffic an estimate of the costs to the community of the number of fatal accidents, the felicitous device being to reckon the cost of a man killed as the loss of his potential future pecuniary contribution to the national product. It has the virtue of keeping the cost low to the motoring community, for the trend continues toward an increasing proportion of aged people in the total kill.

The piecemeal methods of the engineers who confront traffic problems differ from those of the economist only in being cruder. They turn on locating "growing points" in the traffic, and on a variety of formulas, based on traffic growth relative to road capacity, that yield critical ratios purporting to justify increased investment. These formulas are supplemented by *ad hoc* decisions to build bridges, clover leaves and additional lanes whenever something "has to be done." If the engineers could save us by such methods, or even by more grandiose ones, we should by now have had ample evidence of their success in the United States where, in many cities, municipal engineers expended their best efforts for years to accommodate the motorist. Yet New York, Detroit, Los Angeles and other American cities lie prostrate beneath the traffic.

The overall response of governments since the war has been to do little more than make stern noises about efficiency while allowing, nay encouraging, the use of the nation's limited resources to install more plant to produce more cars, trucks and scooters that show a profit to their makers, and a gain to their users, while steadfastly ignoring the mounting costs of traffic control and the barely tolerable pressure of noise, stench, dirt and exasperation, to say nothing of the increasing death and mutilation. For the popular journalist, impatient for tomorrow's cornucopia of gadgets, the cumulative vexations of modern living may be no more than the "inevitable costs of progress." But properly classified by the economist, they constitute an immense tangle of spill-over effects that, partly by their nature but more by historical accident, have escaped the costing mechanism.

Chiefly under the impetus of the automobile, the suburbs are pushing their way farther into the countryside as commuters strive vainly to "get away from it all." An environment is thus created in which, while it is increasingly exhausting to travel, it becomes increasingly indispensable for many to have a car. The very existence of private transportation encourages the geographical dispersion of housing, of shops, of entertainment and of a variety of consumer services; and this spread, in turn, increases the indispensability of the automobile. The private vehicle sometimes appears to be indispensable for the further reason that a dangerously large part of our economy is geared to automobile production. And our dependence on that industry and all its ramifications has become psychological no less than economic.

For a fraction of the money the nation is currently spending on the maintenance of private cars and on the vast range of government services necessary to keep the

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traffic moving—to say nothing of the cost of all the spill-over effects already described—we could simultaneously achieve three desirable objectives: (*1*) provide a comfortable, frequent and highly efficient public transport service, bus, train, underground or monorail, in all the major population areas (in the interest of clean air and quiet, preferably electrically powered transport); (*2*) through government control of public transport, restrain and gradually reverse the spread of population that has followed in the wake of postwar speculative building and is in the process of transforming the Atlantic seaboard into an uninterrupted suburban region; and (*3*) restore quiet and dignity to our cities, and enable people outside the cities to wander unobstructed by traffic, enjoying once more the charm of historic towns and seaside resorts.

Further radical changes would, of course, have to be made in the organization of freight delivery if we are successfully to avoid massive investment in refashioning our cities to cater to the growing commercial traffic. The movement of such freight by truck should be minimized (a) by using, as far as possible, existing railways in the built-up areas during off-peak hours; and (b) by removing freight deliveries from a multitude of small and large private firms and placing them instead under a single authority in order, like the post office, to avail ourselves of the economies of coordination. Finally, to maintain the environment of the city, the interim possibilities of organizing shop deliveries at times when people are off the streets, say between three and seven in the morning, deserve careful study.

At any rate—if we are to have a single proposal for the country at large—that is one alternative solution toward which we might advance. It is radical, to be sure, but technically feasible, and provides a relatively inexpensive way, in terms of money and lives, of establishing a more civilized pattern of living.

It is not a solution that will be presented to us by the market, and understandably not one that will be proposed by the technocrats, yet it is worth consideration by any nation that prides itself on its social awareness and political maturity. Meanwhile, local plans should prohibit motorcars, during certain hours at least, from designated special areas in resorts, in suburban and city centers, so that, as in times past, the populace may stroll freely through the streets enjoying once more the hubbub and gaiety of human voices, and recapturing perhaps a lost sense of community and citizenship. Cars are now banned from Central Park in New York during weekend daylight hours, to the manifest delight of the citizens. This successful experiment should spread widely and quickly.

Cars proliferate and so do people. This latter increase is usually regarded as a challenge to agronomists, but we shall treat it here as a threat to amenity. As populations grow, they also become more mobile—an obvious spill-over effect from modern means of transport, and one which at times erupts into a conflict between native and immigrant populations.

To financial columnists and growth men, however, one factor insistently stressed as conducive to rapid economic expansion is the growth of population, whether produced by immigrant or indigenous sources. Indeed, a growth-obsessed government, setting itself the task of increasing aggregate real income by, say, 25 per cent over some short period, may be tempted to achieve its goal simply by importing labor, even if the imported labor is less efficient than domestic labor. Those who have lost all restraint in their passion for growth, as have many influential persons in the Common Market countries, do not balk at the idea of augmenting population from other countries. Certainly one need anticipate no opposition from the business world whose interests are served by an expanding market however brought about, nor from land-

Donato, Toronto Telegram: Ben Roth

lords who contemplate with equanimity the rise in rents caused by the competition of increasing population for a fixed supply of land.

The untoward social effects of mass migration are not confined to small and densely populated European countries; they may be observed in an area as spacious as the United States. According to what Prof. Raymond Dasmann writes in *The Destruction of California,* the beauty and natural resources of that state are being wiped out by the rapid influx of Americans from other states. "Everywhere, crowding destroys the values that the people who crowd in come to seek." Lake Tahoe, the largest and perhaps the most beautiful mountain lake in the United States, became fashionable after World War II. "Nevada gamblers began to build skyscraper hotels. . . . Seepage and effluent from sewage treatment plants began to pour . . . into the once clear water." Now, like other lakes in the United States, Tahoe is on its way to becoming an algae-fouled cesspool.

From the destruction wrought by large population movements to that wrought by mass tourism is a short step and one that opens up a vista of the immeasurable destructive potential of indiscriminate economic growth. In the last decade alone there has been something of a

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holocaust of the rarest of our earthly resources, natural beauty. The conflict of interest here is between, on the one hand, tourists, tourist agencies, traffic industries and ancillary services, and governments eager to augment their reserves of foreign currencies; and on the other, all those who care about preserving natural beauty.

There is also a conflict of interest between present and future generations. It is true that a sizable fraction of mankind forms part of regular tourist migrations, but this is the result of pricing travel well below the social costs incurred. For the price to the marginal tourist takes no account of the additional congestion costs he imposes on all others (tourists and inhabitants), or of the additional loss of quiet and fresh air, or of the scenic destruction suffered by all in consequence of additional construction. Moreover, it is clear to the most reverent nature lover that any personal sacrifice he makes will have no practical effect in reducing mass tourism, any more than his refusal to drive an automobile would reverse the trend toward increasing city congestion. If anything, there is an incentive for him to travel the sooner—and the more frequently—before the potential tourist haunt in question is irredeemably ruined: to "enjoy it before the crowds get there," as the advertisement bids us.

As things stand, the tourist trade, in a competitive scramble to ship clients into all the places of once quiet repose, of wonder, beauty and historic interest, is literally and irrevocably destroying them. Once serene and lovely towns, such as Andorra and Biarritz, are smothered with new hotels and the dust and roar of motorized traffic. The isles of Greece have become a sprinkling of Lidos in the Aegean Sea. In Italy, the real estate man is responsible for atrocities exemplified by the skyscraper approach to Rome seen across the Campagna, while the annual invasion of tourists has transformed once famous resorts, Rapallo, Capri, Alassio and scores of others, into so many Coney Islands.

Nonetheless, the tourist agency continues to conjure up for the young and gullible visions of faraway places, mysterious, romantic, primitive even, to be enjoyed with "all modern conveniences" at a package price. Others regard the swelling avalanche of tourists as a great democratic achievement, a unifying force in the world, a growing opportunity for all people "to see the world and to perceive its life and art." But, like extending the opportunity to motor into the center of Washington to every car owner in the country, it is a purely illusory opportunity. Travel on this scale, with the annual need to accommodate tens of millions, rapidly and inevitably disrupts the character of the affected regions, their populations and their ways of living. As swarms of holiday makers arrive by air, sea and land, by coach, train and private automobile, as concrete is poured over the earth, as hotels, caravans, casinos, night clubs, chalets, blocks of sun flats crowd into the area and spread into the hinterland, local life and industry shrivel, hospitality vanishes, and indigenous populations drift into a quasi-parasitic way of life catering with contemptuous servility to the unsophisticated multitude.

The issue is not at all that of aristocratic privilege versus democratic freedom, not even that of the genuine connoisseur versus the Philistine hordes. Geographical space, the choicest bits of it anyway, form one of the strictly limited resources of this now tiny planet. And—as in so many other things—what a few may enjoy in freedom the crowd necessarily destroys for itself. Notwithstanding which, under present institutional arrangements (since there is certainly a lot more money to be earned in promoting this process of rapid erosion), unless international agreement can be reached to control further tourist damage, our children will inherit a world almost wholly bereft of places of undisturbed natural beauty or cultured interest.

The second explanation of the paradox posed at the beginning of this essay is a simple fact that is destructive of the social rationale of the private enterprise system and, therefore also, of the sort of economic growth it engenders: the uncertainty and inconstancy of people's wants in a wealthy society.

Unless the wants of consumers exist *independently* of the products created by industrial concerns, it is misleading to speak of the market as acting to adapt the given resources of the economy to meet the material requirements of society. In fact, not only do producers determine the range of market goods from which consumers must take their choice; they also seek continuously to persuade consumers to choose that which is being produced today and to "unchoose" that which was being produced yesterday. Therefore, to continue to regard the market in an affluent and growing economy as primarily a "want-satisfying" mechanism is to close one's eyes to the more important fact that it has also become a want-*creating* mechanism.

This fact would be too obvious to mention, except that its implications are seldom faced. Over time, an unchanged pattern of wants would just not suffice to absorb the rapid growth in the flow of consumer goods coming onto the domestic market of the United States. The sustained rise in consumption expenditure at all levels of society depends almost wholly on the unflagging zeal and enterprise of the advertising industry. National resources continue to be used in the main to create new wants. These new wants may be deemed imaginary or they may be alleged to be as "real" as the original set of wants. What cannot be gainsaid, however, is that the foundation necessary to enable economists to infer and measure increases in individual or social welfare crumbles in these circumstances. Only when given wants remain constant and productive activity grows are we justified in talking of an increase of welfare. And one may reasonably conjecture that unremitting efforts directed toward stimulating aspirations and enlarging appetites may cause them to grow faster than the material possibilities for their gratification, thus increasing over time the margin of social discontent.

Be that as it may, in high-consumption economies such as the United States, the trend is for more goods, including hardware, to become fashion goods. Manufacturers strive to create an atmosphere which simultaneously glorifies the "pace setter" and derides the fashion laggards. As

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productivity increases without a commensurate increase in leisure, the accent shifts ever more stridently to boost consumption—not least to boost automobile sales—in order, apparently, to maintain output and employment. The economic order is accommodating itself to an indigestible flow of consumer gadgetry by inverting the rationale of its existence; "scarce wants" have somehow to be created and brought into relation with rising industrial capacity.

Under such perverse conditions growth men may continue, if they choose, to juggle with words so as to equate growth with "enrichment," or "civilization," or any other thrice-blessed word. But it is as impossible for the economist to establish a positive relationship between economic growth and human welfare as it is impossible for society to experience it.

The one proposal that would tend most to restore the rationale commonly attributed to an economic system is too radical to contemplate. Yet it would not be hard to demonstrate that the contribution of advertising, in terms of "information" and "enrichment" currently offered to the public, is not large relative to the resources used. Certainly the existing flow of relevant and impartial information could be multiplied and made available to the public for a fraction of the resources currently employed in the advertising industry.

LABOR MEETS FOR PEACE

B.J. WIDICK

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Chicago

Until the weekend of November 11 and 12, the peace movement in America had consisted of a whole spectrum of church, youth and academic groups, with labor, the most significant social force on the American scene, conspicuous by its absence. The AFL-CIO had adopted a posture of blanket endorsement for any and all moves of the Johnson Administration in Southeast Asia. The isolated voice here and there of skepticism or dissent was unavailing against the hard-line views of George Meany. His support of the President's policies seemed to be the voice of labor; certainly, it was the only official voice.

Perhaps the most important fact about the conference of 523 trade unionists, including fifty-five national officers, which met in Chicago on the 11th and 12th under the auspices of the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace, was that it breaks this monolithic structure in support of the Vietnamese War. It destroys the impression of unanimity, and begins a labor debate on the war at a level higher than individual dissent in this or that union.

The size, character and political orientation of the Chicago labor assembly adds something new to the heterogeneous forces for peace which seem to have arisen in this nation. A minority, but one that is nevertheless a permanent part of the union movement—a whole stratum of middle-echelon and some high-echelon union officials—has initiated a program of pro-peace activities under the auspices of Pat Gorman, secretary-treasurer of the Meat Cutters union, Emil Mazey, secretary-treasurer of the UAW, Frank Rosenblum, secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and Al Hartung, recently returned president of the Woodworkers union.

The two-day assembly provided a forum for a wide range of voices from what is sometimes called the "Democratic Left." John K. Galbraith, Norman Thomas, Martin Luther King, Victor Reuther, Emil Mazey, Frank Rosenblum, Sens. Vance Hartke and Eugene McCarthy were some of the speakers, along with such campus figures as Seymour Melman of Columbia, Robert F. Brown of Fairleigh Dickinson and Russell Allen of Michigan State.

At this conference youth was not to be seen or heard —nor would it have been comfortable there, unless it had come ready to understand politics and power and social organization. The union veterans were mostly middle-aged, "professional persuaders," as Professor Galbraith described them. They were a sober, reflective, experienced body of men, with few illusions about the difficulties to be met in any attempt to swing the helm of American foreign policy. But it was capable of enthusiastic response of a kind which youth thinks possible only to those under 30. If the recent "New Left" conference in Chicago was a nightmare of confusion and a caricature of serious politics, the labor assembly was the essence of real politics.

The amazing Norman Thomas appeared and received the ovation due the most honored and historic figure of the American Left in our day. He displayed all of the fresh indignation, clarity of ideas and vigor of opposition which has marked his entire life. His call for withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam, his plea for an immediate and unconditional cessation of bombing, evoked an emotional response; but the policy statement finally sponsored by the assembly was more moderate, for this group was more concerned to stimulate a debate in the labor movement than to create a political program which so many delegates knew from long experience could end up as an empty exercise in self-expression. Galbraith put the issue well when he pointed out that in Washington there are many talented staff people who can work out a good program from any point of view, if so demanded by the Administration. The problem is to create the will for peace in the American electorate.

Galbraith, Thomas and Dr. King all made the point that to succeed a peace movement needs deep roots in

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the labor movement, and that this meeting was a beginning. "I hate to say that there are more sound words in *The Wall Street Journal* than in many AFL-CIO publications on the war," Thomas declared. That is what the participants in the labor assembly want to change.

Dr. King demonstrated how much more mature he has become politically since the days of the March on Washington. The emotional vision of "I have a dream" has been transformed into a political analysis of what has been happening in this country, and what war has done to social progress:

> The war has smothered and nearly extinguished the beginnings of progress toward racial justice. The war has created the bizarre spectacle of armed forces of the United States fighting in ghetto streets of America while they are fighting in jungles in Asia. The war has so increased Negro frustration and despair that urban outbreaks are now an ugly feature of the American scene. How can the Administration with quivering anger denounce the violence of ghetto Negroes when it has given an example of violence in Asia that shocks the world? . . . Only those who are fighting for peace have the moral authority to lecture on nonviolence. I do not want to be misunderstood. I am not equating the so-called Negro violence with the war. The acts of Negroes are infinitely less dangerous and immoral than the deliberate acts of escalation of the war. In fact, the Negroes in the ghetto, goaded and infuriated by discrimination and neglect, have for the most part deliberately avoided harming people. They have destroyed property, but even in the grip of rage the vast majority have vented their anger on inanimate things, not people. If destruction of property is deplorable, what is the word for the use of napalm on people? What would happen to Negroes if they not only set fires but killed people in the vicinity and explained blandly that some known combatants had to die as a matter of course? Negroes would be called savages if we were so callous, but for generals it is military tactics.
>
> This is the inescapable contradiction between war and social progress at home. Military adventures must stultify domestic progress to insure the certainty of military success. This is the reason the poor, and particularly Negroes, have a double stake in peace and international harmony. . . .
>
> Beyond the tragedy at the front, at home the young people are torn with confusions which tend to explain most of the extremes of their conduct. This generation has never known a severe economic crisis but it has known something far worse. It is the first generation in American history to experience four wars in twenty-five years: World War II, the cold war, the Korean War and the War in Vietnam. It is the generation of wars and it shows the scars in widespread drug consumption, alienation and the feverish pursuit of sensual pleasures. Yet we cannot call this generation of the young the lost generation. We are the lost generation, because it is we who fail to give them the peaceful society they were promised as the American heritage.

Arnold True, Rear Admiral U.S.N. (Ret.), a World War II hero in the Pacific, adding his voice to those of Galbraith, Thomas and King, enumerated the costs and disasters of the war. Then the assembly broke up into work groups to discuss such issues as U.S. Policy in Southeast Asia, U.S. Policy and China, Nuclear Arms: Another Escalation, the American Economy and the War, The American Labor Movement and the War, and American Social Problems and the War, with Congressman John Conyers leading that workshop. Academic teach-ins would have difficulty improving on the intellectual content of those sessions. Undergraduate questions like Is politics important? Can we cop out? had no place among union leaders who long ago learned from union struggles that there is no substitute for the social movement in the political struggles of the day.

On Saturday evening, David Schoenbrun opened the proceedings with an account of his long experience as a correspondent in Southeast Asia that provided many insights into the devastating impact of American foreign policy there since World War II. Emil Mazey of the UAW then delivered a total foreign policy review which reminded the audience that more than the war in Vietnam needs examination. He made no bones about being pro-Israel and denounced U.S. arms shipments to Arab countries. The position didn't sit well with all the delegates, but the implication was clear—the UAW was not compromising with anyone on any important matter of foreign policy. As one of the few labor leaders in America who protested George Meany's handling of the youth peace demonstration at the AFL-CIO convention in 1965, he had other remarks to make that other delegates seemed not to like. He denounced the "flag burners, VC flag carriers" and other extreme anti-war activists as "playing into the hands of the Administration," and said the UAW wasn't accepting any of it. He re-emphasized his long-standing opposition to the war.

Another speaker of the evening was Sen. Vance Hartke, whose anger at the course of events at home and abroad kindled real response in the assemblage.

Although the suddenly scheduled appearance of Senator McCarthy created much excitement in the press and among the delegates who were for a "Dump Johnson" campaign, the most important speech on Sunday—and perhaps of the entire gathering—was given by Victor Reuther, director of the UAW's International Affairs Department. He reviewed the Meany-Lovestone foreign policy activities abroad with emphasis on the devastating effect they have had on democratic union forces. He cited the activities of AFL officials like Serafino Romualdi, the Latin American "man" of the Lovestone operation, showing how they worked with forces that included supporters of the John Birch Society, and other right-wing, anti-union groups in the United States. His speech is expected to be available in print soon, so readers may study its whole content for themselves. The significance of this speech is that it indicates an open controversy between the Lovestone and the Reuther forces—hardly a sign of any *rapprochement* between the UAW and the Meany machine in the AFL-CIO.

On the war in Vietnam, Victor Reuther made three major points:

> (1) It is obvious that a military solution to the Vietnamese dilemma is unattainable. If peace is to be achieved it must be through political means, by direct negotiations between the contending forces.
>
> (2) There is a heavy moral obligation upon the U.S. immediately to cease the bombing of North Vietnam, without conditions, and to offer unequivocal indication

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of U.S. willingness to move to the conference table with both the Hanoi government and the NLF.

(3) Promptly upon cessation of the bombing, the UN as well as the U.S. should call upon Hanoi and the NLF to offer proof of their desire for a solution by entering into direct negotiations on a peace settlement.

The policy statement adopted by the national labor assembly was calculated to encourage discussion within the ranks of labor, and throughout the broader community. It said, in part:

> We therefore urge an immediate and unconditional end to the bombings of North Vietnam—a step that has been advocated by scores of the world's political and spiritual leaders, including UN Secretary General U Thant. . . .
>
> We realize that there is no easy or instant formula for peace in Vietnam, especially after almost three years of steady escalation of the war. Therefore, we urge our government to initiate a sincere search for a negotiated peace settlement, and we fervently hope and urge that the other side respond affirmatively. We call upon the United Nations, after a halt in the bombing, to initiate discussions aimed at achieving a permanent cease-fire and a permanent peace.
>
> We emerge from this assembly with a reinforced determination to make our voice heard and our influence felt by our policy makers.
>
> As a continuing Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace, we shall seek to express the underlying and deeply felt peace sentiment of American workers, and their concern over major foreign policy issues as they affect the labor movement and the nation. We shall encourage the formation of local Labor Leadership Assemblies in those areas where they do not already exist.
>
> American labor must play its part in bringing this savage war to a swift and just conclusion, so that we may devote our wealth and energies to the struggle against poverty, disease, hunger and bigotry.

Some delegates felt that this was too moderate, and said so. One such was Sidney Lens, who urged its approval as a "working document." However, the prestige and cooperation of the real authors of the policy, Frank Rosenblum, Emil Mazey, Victor Reuther and David Livingston, among others, carried the day.

At the end of the conference some good questions were raised as to future steps, and here Livingston, quoting Victor Reuther, reminded the delegates of the limitations of this newly founded, one is tempted to say experimental, organization. Reuther had emphasized:

> The objective of the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace conference should *not* be to build a caucus within the AFL-CIO, *not* to launch a "dump Lyndon Johnson" movement, *not* to make of U.S. labor the tail to the kite of any political party, old or new. Rather, our objective should be to stimulate free discussion of all aspects of foreign policy within each and every trade union in the land. This is a worker right which has been all but stifled by the attitudes of the current AFL-CIO leadership. The determination of foreign policy within the labor movement must not be permitted to remain the vest-pocket operation of any individual or small leadership group. As with union collective bargaining objectives and domestic legislative goals, foreign policy decisions should flow upward from the membership, following the widest possible discussion in depth by the rank and file.

It is unlikely that any of the participants of this assembly are heedless of the difficulties that lie ahead in seeking to influence the ranks and the leaders of the American trade union movement. Many speakers emphasized this problem. But any organization that counts in its ranks leaders of the UAW, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers union, such powerful figures as Livingston and Cleveland Robinson of District 65 of the Retail workers, and Leon Davis of the Hospital workers, is more than a vociferous minority. Delegates from the Cleveland and Chicago areas who had felt the anti-Negro sentiment in the shops when they supported Stokes in Cleveland and Hatcher in Gary know that the mood of many workers isn't exactly anti-war and pro-Negro, and recognize that George Meany has powerful forces at his disposal. According to a poll recently released by the AFL-CIO, delegates at thirteen conventions held in the past two months overwhelmingly support the present U.S. policy in Vietnam. That suggests the difficulties ahead for the program outlined at Chicago.

Nevertheless, the beginning was made. And a continuing committee that represents a cross-section of dissent in the union movement expects to press forward. The feeling here seemed to be that it might not be five minutes to twelve, in terms of nuclear war, but that the hands were drawing too close together for complacency. Now the debate begins—and that's what is new within the union movement.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 546)*

London by formerly leftist Hungarian writers who had fled from Hungary after the collapse of the 1956 revolt. They—among them Thomas Aczél, George Faludy, Paul Ignotus, Tibor Méray, George Pálóczy-Horváth—had published a review of the same name in Hungary (it had more than any other Hungarian journal fomented the revolutionary spirit) and wanted to continue it in exile. Like *Encounter*, it was financed chiefly by the CCF and had to obey the command of Mr. Josselson, chief of staff of the CCF. This was amply documented by contributions to the review in the January, 1961, issue of the Hungarian-language monthly, *Látóhatár (Horizon)*, published in Munich. Mr. Josselson had the power to decide who should edit the journal and who was to be dismissed. In the same period, CCF financed the creation of a "Federation of Hungarian Writers," and again the Congress decided who could participate in the election of its board, since exiled writers were able to participate in its meetings only if their fare was paid by the Congress. Mr. Josselson was never content with the intensity of cold-war spirit the *Literary Review* displayed, and threatened it with the withdrawal of funds if its anti-Communist propaganda did not become louder. The *Review*'s editors and contributors were and are in contact with their English and French colleagues—I wonder whether the latter did not long ago learn from them what they now admit having heard only recently. *Robert Major*

correction

In our issue of September 11, reference was made in an article by Christopher Lasch to James T. Farrell as an "ex-Communist." Mr. Farrell has informed us that the reference to him is incorrect. We regret the error. *Editors*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Dawks and the Hoves

BEYOND VIETNAM: The United States and Asia. *By Edwin O. Reischauer. Alfred A. Knopf. 242 pp. $4.95.*
CONTEST OVER JAPAN. *By Herbert Feis. W.W. Norton & Co. 187 pp. $5.*

KENNETH LAMOTT
Mr. Lamott is a novelist who was born in Japan and served for three years on the secretariat of the Far Eastern Commission.

Edwin O. Reischauer, our recent ambassador to Japan, is just enough older than I to have been in his last year at the American School in Tokyo just as I was entering first grade; our fathers, however, were colleagues for many years, both of them looming large in the affairs of the Presbyterian mission. Consequently, I have felt some sense of involvement with Mr. Reischauer's career as professor, author and ambassador. To be more exact and less diplomatic, missionary ladies being rivaled only by the fabled Jewish mother in their sensitivity in the area of comparative motherhood, I have occasionally been made aware of maternal sorrow over the insignificance of my own small successes when compared to Ed Reischauer's exemplary career.

Having made a clean breast of my bias, I hope I will not be thought uncharitable when I go on to say that I approached *Beyond Vietnam* with considerable anticipation and came away with considerable disappointment. I put the book down with the feeling that I had spent an evening with a thoroughly congenial person, a decent, intelligent, reasonable, tolerant man, full of knowledge and good sense, a man who always speaks in a well-modulated voice but is no enemy of the cliché, and is visibly puzzled by his inability to move people into action. More important, his argument contains some unexpected flights into fantasy that I found particularly dismaying on the part of a writer whose intent is to confront us with the realities of our relations with Asia.

Edwin Reischauer's thesis is a serious and important one: Our preoccupation with the war in Vietnam has thoroughly muddled our senses, when it comes to understanding the unsolved problems that the Asian countries would continue to present to us even if the Vietnamese fighting were to be concluded happily tomorrow. In general, his argument goes, once we have somehow extricated ourselves honorably from Vietnam, we must renounce the role of policeman, give up our attachment to the *status quo*, firmly put behind us the temptation to support regimes that are too weak to cope with their own internal enemies, and deliver our economic aid and moral encouragement with considerably greater circumspection than we have in the past. Furthermore, we should get the CIA out of Asian politics entirely, and clear up our internal lines of authority so that the ambassador in an Asian capital *is* an ambassador and not just a rival of the local CIA and AID chieftains. (The only time Reischauer comes close to losing his cool is in two brief sentences referring to his own experience. I wish he had said more.)

On the criteria of present or potential economic power, Asia, he tells us, can be divided into three parts: Japan, China and the Rest of Asia, from Korea to Pakistan. Japan he sees as our greatest hope, a bridge-building nation which, if our mutual accommodation survives the renegotiation of the security treaty in 1970, will probably hold the key to our relations with Asia as a whole.

Reischauer looks without alarm at China as a country so thoroughly entangled in its own troubles that it is not likely to present much of a threat to the United States unless we manage to embroil ourselves in the nightmare of a continental war. To allow mainland China a seat in the UN, he suggests, would probably provide its leaders with many salutary learning experiences, while, given the condition of the UN, China could not do much to disrupt that unfortunate organization further. Eventually, a *détente* might result. He concludes: "A stable, contented and reasonably prosperous China would constitute a great improvement in the world environment for all countries." (This is the sort of sentence to which Reischauer is partial and which I find absolutely infuriating because, while I agree entirely with its spirit, I'm not sure that it says anything at all.)

For the Rest of Asia, Reischauer is generally hopeful, seeing the possibility that the growth of a spirit of regionalism will ameliorate its various nationalisms. Our greatest problem will continue to be the mainland of Southeast Asia which, unlike Indonesia, the Philippines, Taiwan or Japan, cannot be sheltered behind our Seventh Fleet.

And so we are again back to Vietnam, for the problem of southeastern, continental Asia is overpoweringly the problem of Vietnam. Reischauer, who is sort of a hawk in dove's clothing (*dawk? hove?*) offers a three-pronged solution: (*1*) The construction of a barrier across the 17th Parallel and into Laos; (*2*) the pacification of the south; and (*3*) the maintenance and possible increase of our military superiority in the south. I can't offer a competent opinion on the usefulness of the barrier, and I am unsympathetic on both moral and practical grounds to increasing our military efforts. For the other point, Reischauer puts his suggestion for pacification in terms that seem to be so far removed from reality that I found my confidence in his general good sense seriously shaken. His recommendation here is for a "careful program of 'pacification' of the South, starting with retraining of the ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam) so that it will be capable not only of local defense, but of political, economic, and social reconstruction and thus, through the meeting of grass-roots desires as well as through defense, will be able to win to Saigon the support of the peasantry and to deny the manpower and production of rural Vietnam to the Vietcong."

I have no doubt that the ARVN stands badly in need of retraining, but to expect this weakest of weak reeds to undertake any sort of desirable "political, economic, and social reconstruction" strikes me as desperately wishful thinking that flies directly in the face of what might well be a historical axiom that whenever an army—*any* army—has concerned itself with higher forms of activity than warfare, its influence has invariably been destructive, baleful and corrupt. If this is the best prescription for peace in Vietnam that can be offered by this knowledgeable and humane man, then we are surely in even worse trouble than we had thought.

So far as my proposed historical axiom goes, I imagine that its critics will attempt to demolish me at a single blow by offering up the splendid example of the American Army in the occupation of Japan. I shall remain unconvinced, for when I fled from Tokyo in the winter of 1946, it was with absolute and unconcealed pleasure in escaping such things as the third-rate minds of rural schoolmasters parading in lieutenant colonel's

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uniforms, the visible corruption of Japan both by the black market and by bad example, and the unending flatulence of word and thought that emerged from MacArthur's throne room. That the Japanese survived the occupation in such good order bears witness less to our wisdom than to their own remarkable qualities of character. Furthermore, it is too easy for us to forget that the occupation was not entirely an American undertaking, and that its successes may have owed something to the fact that a mechanism had been set up for the participation in policy making of all the countries that had been involved in the Pacific war.

This observation is tangent to the theme of Mr. Feis's book, which is concerned primarily with the efforts of the Soviet Union to acquire a larger voice in the occupation, this pressure being balanced in the West by pressure to obtain our recognition of the governments of Rumania and Bulgaria. The dramatic high point of *Contest Over Japan* occurs after the Moscow conference of December, 1945, when Byrnes, Bevin and Molotov had negotiated an agreement for allied participation in the Far Eastern Commission (eleven members, meeting in Washington) and the Allied Council for Japan (four members, meeting in Tokyo). Byrnes came back from Moscow thinking he had done a great thing; Harry Truman, learning that Byrnes was planning a radio report to the country even before reporting to him, ordered Byrnes out to the yacht *Williamsburg* two days after Christmas. What happened there is still not clear. Byrnes wrote in his book that the President and his advisers (except Admiral Leahy) were well impressed by his report. Truman, however, remarked to somebody that "Byrnes lost his nerve in Moscow" and, a week after the shipboard meeting, wrote Byrnes a longhand letter accusing him of failure.

In the end, however, it seems quite clear that Byrnes was right and Truman wrong, at least as regards the arrangements for Japan. The occupation of an undivided Japan proceeded under American direction, which was no bad thing administratively; at the same time, the nations that had declared war on Japan were afforded two meeting tables around which they could regularly bring their opinions to bear.

To what extent these round tables operated only as safety valves, and to what extent they promoted real allied participation in making occupation policy, is a matter that I don't think has been fully settled yet. By the time I joined the secretariat of the Far Eastern Commission in 1948, its pioneer days were past but it was still an exciting place to be, for in spite of occasional Soviet tantrums, the concurrence of our allies in policy matters (e.g., the restitution of looted property, access to Japanese scientific information) was regularly being obtained.

Feis has written a straightforward, workmanlike, well-documented account of an otherwise largely neglected aspect of our involvement in Asia.

Bad Man in the Real World

A BAD MAN. *By Stanley Elkin. Random House. 336 pp. $5.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

With us the world is too much, late and soon. So we are told by many novelists. This proposition, hastily invoked, asserted, agreed upon, we are rushed into the demonstration rooms where we can gambol with goat-boys, watch Snow White turn a trick or two, dream a black and blue American dream, even get death kits.

Since nothing is real, and the world is a nut house, the writer can shoot his works, stunt and loop free, the wilder the better. It's literary "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds." Turn on, spin out; if what *is* isn't your thing then go where you want to go and do what you want to do. "Picture yourself in a boat on a river, With tangerine trees and marmalade skies."

However, too often these reports from another dimension are no more convincing than much acid-induced poetry; what is merely bizarre passes for truth. Emerging from the pages of these novels is like leaving a bar in mid-afternoon—you have a buzz on, you squint at the sun and recoil from the hustling people but, finally, you resign yourself to another go at the sad, persistent actual. The artists of absurdity may be right—they have, after all, the combined might and wisdom of our current Administration helping to prove their point—but they have not, I think, yet embodied their vision artistically. This may be so because they too glibly assert their premises of a deranged, unreal world. Despite their twists and turns of technique, we are left convinced that an unexamined assumption is not worth giving.

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tinguished by its searching inquiry into the nature of reality in contemporary America, its carefully constructed argument which attempts to demonstrate that the condition of the ordinary is restrictive, deceitful, and based upon the most strange and savage ways of men.

Leo Feldman was born with a homunculus across his heart. "He was probably meant to be a twin, but something happened. Some early Feldmanic aggrandizement, and the fetus froze there." It would not be the last self that Feldman—"O solo Leo"—would aggrandize. The son of a mad, frontier peddler, he grew up to believe that everything is vendible. "I am the master of all I purvey." He was also "born without a taste for the available." After grabbing all that the ordinary could offer—erecting and nourishing his department store during World War II—he went underground, became "a moral fence," supplying, in the basement of his store, connections for abortions and drugs. "Obsession—that's where the money is." But to him—"Feldman the fetcher"—money is no object worth possessing.

He has a slippery grip on reality—insisting, for example, after World War II, that we were in for economic disaster, counting on it but, "disastrously, there had been no disaster"—and he is literally in business for himself. A petty Gatsby, he periodically stalks his women's wear department in search of his dream girl, Jean Arthur. He thought,

> perhaps the department store itself—the real one, the one he owned, that terrified him—was only a sort of the creating of the conditions in which his dream might be realized, a fatuous placation.

He, who knew nothing was real, who grew up with madness, expected it, planned for it—"nothing made sense"—sought not profit "but the idea of the sale itself, his way of bearing down on the world." Instead, the world bears down on "Feldman, the felled man," and he is removed from it to prison.

There he confronts his opposite, Warden Fisher, "a fisher of bad men," who sets out to rehabilitate him, convince him that *"nothing is strange. Consecutive, the world is consecutive. It's rational. Life is ordinary."* Feldman, no sucker, won't buy it, remains himself, cons the cons. But solitary weakens him and his admiration for Fisher's management—"What an operation this is, he thought"—does him in. He tries to perceive a pattern; told by Fisher that "urbanity is a Christian gift" and "civilization is forms," he tries to be both affable and orderly, to live within the limits of the real. But—and this is the hooker, the point, Elkin's fine perception—Feldman can't play ball, can't come into the community of man, can't adhere to the rules because he is needed where he is. He *has* to remain "a bad man" so that others can feel they are "good."

Without an outsider there is no insider. Without a Jew there is no Christian. Ordinary, rational reality can exist only for a few and only then if they are willing to turn savagely on all who are different. Reality is an illusion, Elkin says, erected by those who pray, as does Fisher:

> Lord God of hooked scourge and knotted whip, of sidearms and side car, of bloodhound and two-way radio, vigilant God of good neighborhoods and locked Heaven—lend us thy anger. Teach us, O God, revulsion.

Warden Fisher invites purge for the therapeutic health, education and welfare of the inmates. Feldman, like Shylock, pleads that his humanity be recognized—"I have not been unstirred . . ."—but, like Shylock, finds he isn't eligible for Christian charity. Christian forms expel aliens. But Elkin wants no tears jerked for Jews or for Feldman. As Fisher has his Feldman, so does Feldman have his Dedman, a schmuck whom Feldman kept in despair so he could thrive — "Dedman's seven lean years kept me alive." Survival is savagery; civilization is sham. Feldman, who sensed universal madness, was deluded for a time into a belief in meaning, but recovered his disbelief before he was put to death, struck in his homunculus.

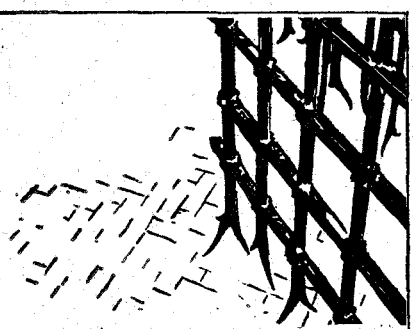
Elkin doesn't assume *nada;* he tries to prove the existence of nightmare behind the shadow of a dream, our "real" world. He tries to give us both, nothing and a world of substance, just as Feldman contrived "the balanced schizophrenic nature of his store: the aboveboard floors, with their conventional commerce, and the queer open secret of his basement." This is the argumentative dialectic. However, when Elkin gives these propositions dramatic embodiment, he strikes Feldman down with an unbalanced structure. If the claims of the "real" are so tyrannical we might fairly expect its persuasive embodiment. An artist should give fair shakes to positions inimical to his theme. Milton and Dostoevsky made Satan and Raskolnikov quite convincing before doing them in. Elkin, however, identifies his art too closely with one character's vision. He no more believes the world is real than does Feldman:

> For all that there were telephone poles about him, newspapers, machines, cars, neon in the windows of taverns, he seemed to live in a world that might have been charted on an old map, the spiky spines of serpents rising like waves from wine-dark seas, personified zephyrs mump cheeked and fierce—a distant Praetorianed land, unamiable and harsh. There might have been monkeys in its trees, burning bushes in its summers.

Elkin, like Feldman, leaps past the recognizable, into the arcane where character becomes allegory (Fisher/Christ), place becomes allusion (prison/*Inferno-The Castle*), and plot becomes echo (*The Trial*). We might expect persuasive details of what we would agree is "reality"—recognizable department stores, habits of family life, suits and cities—so that the writer could show them as sham, strike through the mask, convert known into unknown. But we don't get it. Elkin's argument *about* the strange rides only *on* the strange, "the spiky spines of serpents."

However, Elkin's style *almost* holds it all together and in the novel almost is very good indeed. He is marvelous at winding up a statement so tight that it springs loose in a crazy dance. He can beautifully yoke opposites in a loony paradox, as when he fondles "seduction's suction," Mona, Fisher's wife:

> Feldman, failure in forests and catcher of poison ivy who never knew the planets or found the North Star and



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couldn't remember which were the months with thirty days, gingerly held red-thighed Mona's milky ear lobe.

However unexpected, this juxtaposition of details makes perfect sense—he who had fumbled before nature's wonders holds now between his finger and thumb a miracle of creation. Style reaches around to contain the absurdity of what is. Wit and whimsy can enclose Old Testament despair, chess and Kipling's "If" in the rhetorical reach of Feldman's diatribe against progress:

> Seven fat years. Seven lean . . . .
> Checkmate is the name of the game.
> Not moving forward: standing pat when all about you are losing theirs.

But style is static; the novelist must also mold event to the shape of argument. Elkin's inventions of circumstances and places—from a department store which has nothing in common with Macy's to a prison which shares nothing with Leavenworth—embodies only one side of his argumentative dialectic, too easily makes the case for Feldman's and his own view of "reality."

This latest, striking, sometimes persuasive report to the contrary, the world we know is unfortunately still with us.

A Story Out of a Symbol

ERGO. *By Jakov Lind. Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim. Random House. 150 pp. $3.95.*

CURT LEVIANT
Mr. Leviant is the editor and translator of Sholom Aleichem's Old Country Tales *(Putnam).*

Jakov Lind, whose two previous books, *Soul of Wood* and *Landscape in Concrete,* have established him as one of Europe's most original and talented writers, has in his works taken a central 20th-century experience, perhaps the most cataclysmic in history, and treated it with uniqueness and originality. Since no straightforward account of the holocaust can match the brutal reality, artistic interpretation of these facts must make a symbolic, imaginative leap. This Lind does, and there is nothing phony or arty about his symbolic constructions.

Lind's vision objectifies the emotional impact of the holocaust tragedy and its metaphysical hangover into purely literary terms: bizarre caricature *à la* George Grosz, and a Kafkaesque comic-within-the-grim. Characters are usually deformed or oversized, jokes on normality, the physical condition metaphoric of the spiritual state—wooden-legged Wolbracht in *Soul of Wood,* behemoth Bachmann in *Landscape in Concrete,* and in *Ergo,* Wacholder with his gigantic member.

Although the physical setting of *Ergo* is rather ambiguous—a vague Vienna of the imagination—its moral landscape is quite precise: the sane-insane nexus of Germany-Austria, a spiritual locale by now well delineated in Lind's fiction. *Ergo*'s major scenes take place in two households whose inhabitants are exaggerated only several degrees beyond probability. Würz, a man incapable of love or hate, lives in an insulated, sanitized home with his wife Rita and her two sons, Arnold and Arnulf, stylish and morally perverse young dudes. Würz never leaves his superclean abode, equating his mini-world of neatness and order with freedom. His rooms are numbered; nature—stuffed animals, pinned butterflies—is carefully placed under glass, and the prime enemy is dust, against which are launched search, destroy and burn missions. But even dust doesn't burn clean, and the family's equilibrium is upset by smoke from the gas stove. "We do our best," Würz cries, "After every incineration we take a hot bath. Plenty of soapsuds, plenty of water. . . ."

"Incineration" and "gas," words with a host of associations, are the key to the allegory: in the Würz home moral defilement has prompted the fetish of cleanliness. Guilt can be brushed, washed, scrubbed and painted (at one point Würz paints himself completely white, hair and all); yet, like the blood on Lady Macbeth's hands, it cannot be removed.

The other household, a ramshackle sty stuffed with 30 tons of government-owned paper, is the physical opposite but moral equivalent of Würz's place. As Würz seeks to extirpate dirt, Wacholder attempts in vain to get rid of the endless reams, which represent guilt in another guise. Wacholder, Leo Waldhaus and Aslan, the three proprietors, are sterile pseudo-intellectuals whose scribbling bears only the fruits of narcissism. Aslan is up to page 5 of *The Better World,* a novel he is secretly writing (Lind ironically uses this phrase as his original title in German—*Eine bessere Welt*); and Waldhaus, reminiscent of the intellectual buffoons of Swift's satires, contributes to knowledge *The Placental Theory of Existence,* which postulates a set of theorems centered about the primacy of the afterbirth, and

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is dedicated to the elevation of nonsense.

Wacholder's zealous goal is to lure Würz from his lair through the use of a nerve shower—"a gush of words, gibberish, something outlandish and foreign, some kind of Hungarian." Since this scheme is impractical, Wacholder utilizes a host of epistolary tricks (increasingly incoherent letters) to assault Würz's psyche and make him return to "normal" life. (In Lind's world, every madman ascribes normality only to himself and insanity to all others.)

Here, antagonisms exist not only between households but within them, too. Würz's two degenerate stepsons plot against him, and Wacholder continually bickers with his two cronies. Although Wacholder actually did nothing, he proudly claims to be a very dangerous Nazi because he "wanted what happened to happen." To which Leo Waldhaus replies: "If they started locking everybody up who wanted what happened to happen, they'd have to surround the whole country with barbed wire. No wall would be high enough."

After Leo calls Wacholder and others complete idiots, Wacholder makes a little speech into which intrude the author's satiric sensibilities:

> I won't let you insult my people. We're a very old people, Leo, perhaps the oldest there is. We existed when nothing else existed, we had an emperor when nobody else wanted an emperor, and we had a republic when nobody else wanted a republic, we had Nazis when there were no Nazis and we had no Nazis when there were Nazis everywhere else. We had a liberation when everybody else was still occupied, and we got rid of our occupation because we turned neutral, when nowadays hardly anybody is neutral.

Würz, personification of perennial German order, is clean and efficient as clockwork, a cover for familial corruption and omnipresent guilt. With Wacholder we have intellectual puffery, disorder and filth; the paper that symbolizes German bureaucracy; and the gobbledygook of language that hides meaning yet puts teeth on intent. The two sets of characters, then, are not enemies, but interlocking jigsaws of one schizophrenic personality. Wacholder admits that Würz is half his mutilated soul, that an umbilical cord binds them. "Some pleasant kind of lunacy is always attractive. If I didn't have this life mission of liberating Würz, believe me I'd sometimes be tempted. Actually. . . I might like to change places with him."

Lind's previous works have kineticized allegory and parable, story and flights of fancy. Despite the occasionally surreal landscape there was a forward thrust, a central core, to the fictions. In *Ergo*, Lind expands the directions of his imaginative world, but the inventions are not thoroughly assimilated. *Ergo* has loose ends, action switches inexplicably in swift cinematic fashion, a surrealist graph rising out of control. Brilliant individual scenes coruscate throughout the book (Wacholder coupling with Frau Doktor Böckling, the Valkyrie-like state minister; Arnold's confessed perversions of the Würz family); yet as a whole *Ergo* is curiously static, lacking an emotional—though not necessarily a cerebral—totality and inner logic. I suspect the fault lies in the conception. Hitherto Lind has let symbol grow organically out of story; in *Ergo* he has apparently reversed his usual process and fashioned story out of symbol. (No doubt the light of *Ergo*'s stage version will unfuzz some of the novel's murky corners.) Nevertheless, Lind's imagination, wit and symbolic architectonics are once more present in generous supply, and despite the novel's lopsided emotional effect, the reader's intellect is challenged to unravel meaning.

As in *Soul of Wood* and *Landscape in Concrete*, translator Ralph Manheim has again rendered Jakov Lind's lilting, free-swinging, imagistic rhetoric with intelligence and verve.

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The Fashion of Peeping Toms

THE NEW YORK DIARY. *By Ned Rorem. George Braziller. 218 pp. $5.95.*

MARGARET CROYDEN
Miss Croyden is an assistant professor of English at Jersey City State College.

There is a certain sadness about Ned Rorem and his *New York Diary*. And there is a certain intrigue, too. The sadness comes from the image of his despair: a cultivated, successful young composer describes his inner destitution; he records his frenzied and wasteful activities and looks back at them with hopeless dejection. The intriguing aspect is the unfolding of Rorem's malaise. For it takes us into his narrow and sordid existence where instead of meeting the sophisticated composer and musician, we meet the narcissistic homosexual and alcoholic—the "underground man," living like a Baudelairean character in a kind of demimonde environment. Rorem belongs to the clique of homosexual artists—conductors, composers and playwrights—who circulate freely among the establishment and, in many instances, *are* the establishment. At the same time, because of his particular hang-up, he frequents the haunts of the underground homosexual—bars, hallways, parks and beaches. Ostensibly, Rorem mixes in both worlds, getting from one what he misses in the other. Actually, he is alienated from all worlds. His life is a series of joyless events punctuated by sensual orgies—a prototype of the bored but self-tortured debauchee searching like Childe Harold for an end to his world weariness.

The *Diary* begins where Rorem's *Paris Diary* ended—his return to New York in 1956. Apparently influenced by the French writers whose diaries he respects for their intellectuality, Rorem hoped to emulate them. But unlike his heroes, he hardly discusses his art. Music is the one subject he assiduously avoids. "To observe the cinema of myself," he claims, is the object of his own journal. Yet at the end of *The New York Diary* he doubts its aim and validity:

> . . . These poor journals have never

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been those of a musician: musically I express myself elsewhere and otherwise. Today of course they have become . . . the jottings only of someone rapidly advancing, maybe decaying, who may feel a need for the fatal backward glance. But a glance at what?

Rorem's diary *is* only a glance, and not (as he may have originally intended) a really penetrating investigation into thought—his, or anyone else's. For Rorem never honestly amplifies the ramifications of his "cinema"—his many emotional problems. His hopeless addiction to alcohol, his commitment to homosexuality, his insatiable licentiousness, his self-dramatization and his obsessional fear of death are real and terrible enough. But the descriptions of his sufferings remain adolescent purgations, more infused with exhibitionistic self-pity than reflective self-analysis. This is particularly evident in his "Letter to Claude"—a long section of the book describing his love affair with an enigmatic Frenchman. Despite attempts at intensity here, Rorem's writing, calculated to please the voyeur, reads like a queer soap opera.

He is best when he focuses on his underground existence. As the brooding hero of his own life story, there are no holds barred: he can "wander through daylight, past all reactions like a somnambulist" and rely only on drink and sex for stimulation. Unable to maintain a permanent relationship, he compulsively engages in promiscuous ones, and he tells all about them. Yearning for the stranger's embrace, he is always on the prowl. When the fashionable parties give out, his "other self" explores other milieus: the bars, the streets, the Turkish baths—he picks up "love" where he can find it. Blind drunk, he sometimes suffers beatings and thefts. In the morning, after a night of "that," his hangover reminds him of his humiliations.

Without doubt peeping Tomism has its fascination. Indeed, it has become the stylish style of our modern writers, and is apt to capture a substantial audience. But the trouble is that this kind of writing is compelling only for the moment; after that, it is quite meaningless. Beneath Rorem's "frankness" is a pointless puerility which only compounds the predominately subjective tone of the *Diary*. Diaries are by their nature subjective; but a diary is best when it is objectified, when personal experience is placed within a larger context so that it is not merely an expression of personality alone. What Rorem lacks is intellectual depth; his canvas is the limited and narrow area of his own undeveloped consciousness, striving to give order and meaning to his own life, but finally his consciousness remains only fragmented.

Illustrated in Black & White

HOUSE OF BONDAGE. *Photographs by Ernest Cole. Text by Ernest Cole and Thomas Flaherty. Random House. 191 pp. $10.*

LEONARD LEVITT

Mr. Levitt is a reporter with the Associated Press. He is the author of An African Season *(Simon & Schuster).*

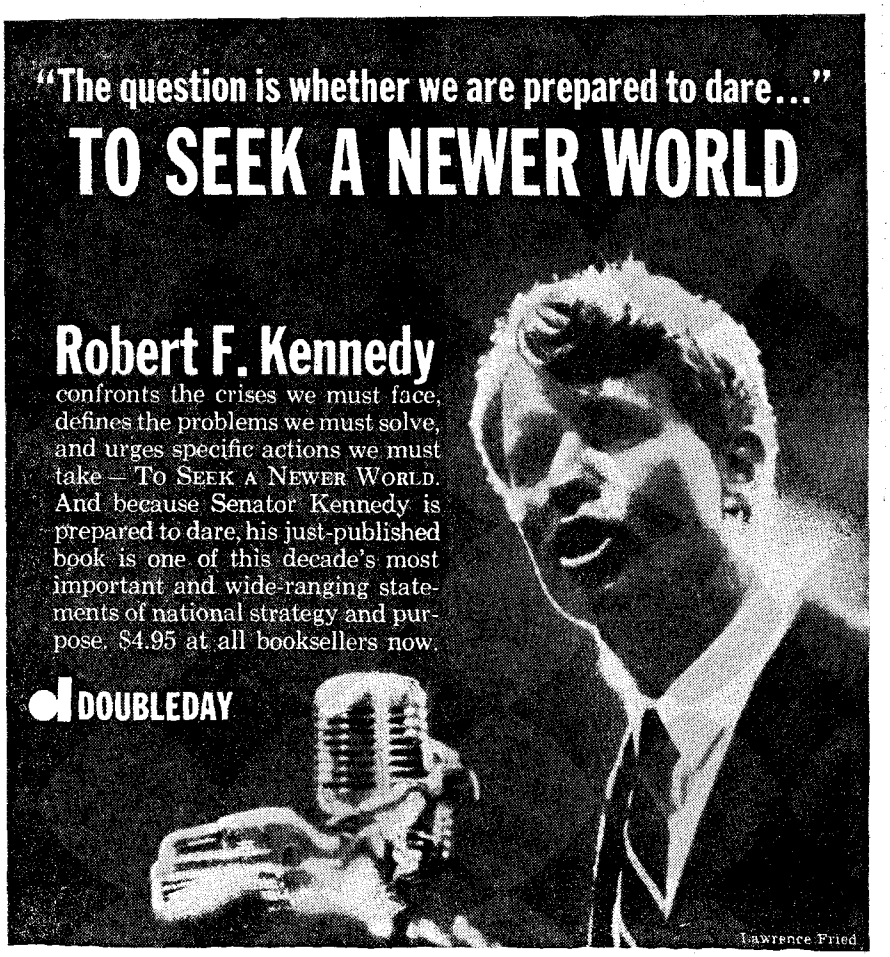
House of Bondage is a chilling reminder that there is something rotten in the state of South Africa. Ernest Cole, a 27-year-old black South African who fled the country one step ahead of the South African police, has compiled a series of penetrating photographs depicting the life of the black man in that white-ruled land. And with Thomas Flaherty, an editor of *Life* magazine, he has written a simple, low-keyed text that is often more penetrating than the photographs.

What makes the best of Cole's pictures distinctive is that they go beyond the usual scenes of physical urban poverty—which is hardly exclusive to South Africa—and capture the spiritual poverty of these blacks—which is a result of policies exclusively South African.

This is the poverty that comes from being treated as something less than human. (There is one horrifying photograph of a line-up of naked black men, face to the wall, arms outstretched above their heads, being examined for work in the mines.) It is the poverty that results from not being free to live or travel where one wishes, or to marry whom one wishes; from having to carry a passbook, an identity card, wherever one goes; from being repeatedly stopped and questioned and searched by white policemen; from enduring the day-to-day humiliation of being black in a country that is only for whites.

One result is that hordes of little black children run away from home and stand on Johannesburg street corners in short pants and oversized sports coats begging money from whites. Cole tells us: "The whites going out to dinner or to the movies may be feeling festive enough to flip them a coin," or as he shows, they may slap their faces.

They mug, they pick pockets. "One approach that works well is to walk up to a white man and chuck him insolently under the chin. In his rage he won't even feel his wallet being lifted from his pocket."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DOUBLEDAY
Lawrence Fried

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The black man who does what whites would term an honest day's work most probably does it at a white man's house, walking the madam's dogs or tending the madam's flowers. Virtually every white home in South Africa has a servant—or two or three. They are called "boy" or "girl." There is the cook boy, the garden boy, et al. Most families, says Cole, insist that servants eat separate food from separate utensils. South African whites call this food boy's meat; what Cole describes as "the cheapest, least edible meat the butcher can find, cuts that no white person would dream of buying for himself."

Cole photographs black servant girls smiling and laughing together, sitting in the high grass outside the homes where they work. "Entertaining friends," writes the author, "is done outside garden walls since employers do not want strange 'boys' or 'girls' on their premises."

He shows rows of one-room apartments for girl servants above a luxury apartment building. "It is against the law for black servants to live under the same roof as their employers," he writes.

There is no recourse for the black man. True, there are democratic elections and parliamentary procedures in South Africa, but they too are for whites only. Joseph Lelyveld, who spent a year in South Africa as a correspondent with *The New York Times* until the South African Government refused to renew his passport, tells in his introduction to the book how one African, jokingly asked by another whom he voted for, answered just as jokingly: "Well, that's between my conscience and me, but if you must know, the candidate's name was Hendrik Verwoerd—he's my man."

The cruelest, most effective weapon the government has, says Cole, is banishment. He has photographed one of these settlements of six banished blacks at Frenchdale, an isolated semi-desert area near the border of Botswana. Here it is the text rather than the pictures that paints the true bleak picture:

> The first thing about the camp that strikes the visitor is the quiet. There are no children's voices, no yipping dogs, none of the murmuring sounds of the living. . . . The youngest of the six was in his thirties. The others were much older. One had been there 14 years. . . .
>
> One of the banished, Basotho, a chief, would not let Cole photograph him. "I've been here too long," he said. "Nothing will free me. All I am waiting for is death. . . ."
>
> Still another man did not know what crime he had been banished for. He remembered that he and a friend had been accused of insulting a government-installed chief and had been fined 70 dollars apiece. They had appealed and won, and the next thing he knew the police were at his home reading a banishment order to him in English, which he does not understand.
>
> He was put on a train, under escort, and delivered to Frenchdale. After five years of banishment he was still sitting there wondering why. . . .
>
> Not surprisingly, a few of the banished had lost count of the days. Monday looks like Friday in Frenchdale. Nothing breaks the monotony. There are no youngsters home on Saturday, no church bells on Sunday, no rush and hurry of shopping days and laundry days during the week. What is Christmas like? Like every other day. Only sunrise and sunset marked their days. The passage from light to darkness was their calendar.

Before students at Union Theological Seminary rush out and picket the Morningside Heights branch of First National City Bank because of its investments in South Africa, as they did last spring, they should be reminded that much of what Cole describes about Johannesburg exists just down the hill from their lily-white noses.

Granted, the winds of change are blowing across America more swiftly than across Southern Africa, but they are hardly blowing at gale force. Dean Rusk's daughter marries a Negro and *The New York Times*—like every other newspaper in the country—headlines it as such. Imagine the outrage if the fellow's name had been Goldstein and the headline read: "Rusk's daughter marries Jew."

Or take *The New York Times* editorial of July 24 in the midst of riots in Newark and Detroit, which solemnly intoned: "As we have often pointed out in these columns, this country's Negroes have many justified reasons for discontent. . . . But angry Negroes would be wise to put the other side of the story. They are economically the most prosperous large group of non-whites in the world, enjoying a higher average income than the inhabitants of any nation in Asia, Africa or Latin America."

The South African Government can also claim that its blacks enjoy the highest standard of living of any large group of blacks on the African continent. But it is doubtful that angry Negroes here or in Johannesburg will find these words reassuring.

ART / Max Kozloff

There is a great deal of hoopla and as yet unproductive ferment in the museum world today. The notion has gotten out that the public needs shots of excitement—the barker's call and techniques more compelling than the acoustiguide, let alone the docent's lecture. Mr. Hoving at the Metropolitan in New York, has just opened his "The Art of Fashion," a show even more smashing than his inaugural "In The Presence of Kings," in which a dazzling bouquet of ladies' outfits competes with glittering lights and fast-paced wall slides. It is a lyric ensemble of sweeping robes, pleated chiffons, iridescent taffeta, and sheathes of royal blue bugle beads. (Nothing could more effectively recall Nietzsche's remark that women would not be such geniuses at decoration if they were not resigned to playing a secondary role.) And a press release has recently come to my desk announcing a color television "spectacular" on the National Gallery of Art, during which N.B.C. reporters invite public comments from the crowd struggling past Leonardo's "Ginevra de 'Benci," while in "an imaginative sequence at night . . . portraits 'talk,' exchanging the perhaps once-spoken thoughts of their subjects and thereby revealing fascinating historical facts." The spirit of Mr. McLuhan, if not responsible, is certainly allied with those museological peccadilloes. Did not this medium masseur recently pontificate that a museum "is a retrievable system for classified objects," that a curator must avoid "linear connected space," exhibitions planned like the organization of a book? What, if not theatre, is the alternative?

If one wanted to be gross, but not all that unfair, one might suspect the phenomenon to be only a reflex of the hunger for an increased revolving of the turnstile. (In this respect, the Museum of Modern Art resembles Grand Central Station.) Like the entertainment industry, museums, it is hardly new to say, must be box office. That they are cultural institutions seems to have restrained them not at all in the use of devices as confused in their mingling of commercial and spiritual values as a séance at a circus. Works of art are, of course, wares; to subject them to mercantile processing is only, though no one is willing to say as much, to increase their allure. This can be put in other, perhaps more relevant, terms, for it reflects the desire of American "egalitarian" society to find even in the far-fetched field of the creative the status of usefulness (meaning here, that art be enjoyable to many). Of the American public, de Tocqueville said long ago

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that it "will habitually prefer the useful to the beautiful, and will require that the beautiful should be useful."

But a more serious internal motivation does exist in this institutional flip-flop, this secularization of art. How, and to what extent should the museums reach their communities? No one knows the answer to this question. Curators, at least, are understandably concerned not to look old-fashioned, and to reassure themselves that they have a meaningful social function other than as guardians of treasures. The availability of electronic communications, audio-visual techniques, advanced lighting and media mixing, has been noticed by some of these men, even if the capacities of their plants and the attitudes of trustees have so far not permitted any serious assimilation of the reality to the vision. There is a certain embarrassment or shame in being just one more museum. It is not enough to be the repository of immobile painting and sculpture, or to install them ingeniously and flexibly. Installation must be a factor of style, rather than obedient to the exposition of an object. Art can be "programed," stuffy barriers broken down. The whole sensorium must be affected in double time. We may not be far, as a colleague suggests, from the drive-in museum. After all, if we are moving toward a civilization of greater involvement and immediacy in response to data, then our art as well as our artifacts must be consumed on suitably vivid and participative terms. Goaded by the imminence of vast social leisure, the museums are threatening to become "delightful places."

For me, this is a misunderstanding wrapped up in an inadvertence. Far from the aesthetic distance being lessened between ourselves and works of art, it is in danger of being widened, the theatricality with which they are coated becoming a sop to our incomprehension. As for the latter, no one can tolerate suffering it any more in loneliness. If it may almost be formulated as a law that a great plenitude of art objects belittles and stuns the individual, then the multiplication of techniques by which they may be viewed brutalizes even as it socializes him. To become a member of an "audience" is no solution to the problem of the museum.

> Our heritage is a crushing burden. Modern man, worn out as he is by the immensity of his technical resources, is also impoverished by the sheer excess of his riches. The process of donations and legacies, the connection between production and purchases . . . all conspire, without ceasing, to accumulate a necessarily unusable excess of capital. The museum exerts a constant pull on everything that men can make. It is fed by the creator and the testator. All things end up on the wall or in a glass case. . . . I cannot but think of the bank at a casino, which wins every time. But our capacity to use these ever-increasing resources is far from growing with them. Our wealth is a burden and a bewilderment. The need to concentrate it all in one place intensifies the sad and stupefying result. . . . The produce of thousands of hours' work consumed in painting and drawing by so many masters, each hour charged with years of research, experiment, concentration, genius, acts upon our senses and minds in a few minutes! . . . We cannot stand up to it. So what do we do? We grow *superficial*.

These remarks sound recent, but they were written by Paul Valéry in 1923, when the predicament cited was already rather old. We defend ourselves by our superficiality, even when the bank is winning for us. In this hypothetical image, in which we are alienated by the ineluctable grandeur of our own gains, there churns the whole ambiguity of going to museums: instruction, pleasure, conscience, love of art, social anomie? They are all becoming, not so much complements but inevitable confusions of one another.

That none of them constituted the original rationale of the museums has been lost sight of. Museums were houses for works of art whose "durability," writes Hannah Arendt, "is almost untouched by the corroding effect of natural processes, since they are not subject to the use of living creatures, a use which, indeed, far from actualizing their own inherent purpose—as the purpose of a chair is actualized when it is sat upon—can only destroy them. Thus, their durability is of a higher order than that which all things need in order to exist at all; it can attain permanence throughout the ages. In this permanence, the very stability of the human artifice, which, being inhabited and used by mortals, can never be absolute, achieves a representation of its own. Nowhere else does the sheer durability of the world of things appear in such purity and clarity, nowhere else therefore does this thing-world reveal itself so spectacularly as the non-mortal home for mortal beings. It is as though worldly stability had become transparent in the permanence of art. . . ."

Such are some of the conflicts and tensions in our experience of the museum. Under the circumstances, it was with real curiosity that I attended the opening of the new Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago a few weeks ago. Its very belatedness (Boston, Minneapolis and Philadelphia have long had comparable institutions) augured that it would represent the most recent directions in museum thinking, that it would give an encapsulated picture of what lies ahead in this problematical area of our art life. Here is its director, Jan van der Marck, speaking in a taped conversation:

> This building . . .with immediate access to the street, flexibility of its spaces, the limitations on its size, all combine to make this museum a little less forbidding. We will have the type of shows that are closer to the people. Distance is really created by time and preciousness. People are mesmerized

Rousseau

and the
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by the history and the cost factors. There will be no barrier between our art and the public, I hope. I personally believe art, even good art, is expendable. The idea survives the form. We can regret the loss very much, do everything in our power to compensate for it, but let's not get hysterical, because the idea is still there. It's a product of our time, it's not that remote and it's very much to be used by us at the risk of running into a mishap, wearing it out or damaging it. I'd rather take that risk than insist on the preciousness and keep people away.

An attitude so adventuristic was not fulfilled by his opening show, "Pictures To Be Read, Poetry To Be Seen." It was for the most part a compilation of rather effeminate minuscule calligraphy and garrulous montage—art wordy in the unfortunate social sense of the term. But I am more interested in the larger issues provoked by his concept of the museum. There is to be found in his remarks a true radicalism envisaging a museum that cheerfully goes about eradicating, not what is precious and "undemocratic" in art (a part of which may have the luck to remain) but itself as an intact socio-cultural institution. When we are invited to applaud the "art-idea," we are not thereby guaranteed accessibility to the aesthetic experience, but see it removed to a theatre of intentions, "expendable" gestures, prettily dramatized as an open house for appreciation. This is a mishap, all right, not only because in it a nominal *avant-garde* is endorsing a bourgeois philistinism but because the distance at which works of art compel us to attend them is not seen as proper participation at all, but must be dissolved in favor of an *idea* of participation. Valéry's chaos is compounded without being accompanied by the redeeming virtues of art's representation of permanence, as articulated by Arendt.

But all this, however nightmarish, is only theory. In practice, the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art will present a package of exhibitions, many of them interesting and provocative (such as the Oldenburg drawings downstairs). Future plans that include a microfilm archive of recent research material, a 16 mm. movie library and various happenings, sound relevant enough if they are not swamped by van der Marck's desire that the museum be a "laboratory of art." Contemporary artists have every license to fiddle with technology, but a museum would do well to stand clear of vulgar self-legitimization in the name of the activity Americans respect most—science. The program of the new gallery will be at least novel in the Chicago context of an old-time Expressionist humanism, recently supplemented by a funky pop Surrealism. The community now has on it hands a pocket museum, nicely remodeled from its former function as Playboy office building, without a permanent collection, nor immediate desire for one, with low ceilings and good budget—and finally, with an "experimental" outlook.

Beyond these various modest circumstances (although their growth prospects are probably quite real) lie the psychological perplexities of the modern museum (which likewise give every indication of future acceleration). If the museum tends more and more to justify itself by merely decorating and trivializing its own momentum, this is countered by our growing ability to edit increasing layers of our surroundings out of direct consciousness—let alone perception. If we no longer need temples to enshrine art, we are also losing the ability to assign it much value in our lives. We greet the inception of any hard-sell campaign to cheer away our numbness—only with a corresponding emotional discount. But this reflects a much larger dilemma in American life itself. Its story is a "product of our time," and there is as yet no end to it.

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

In the theatre as elsewhere among the industries, more money appears to be spent on publicity than on the product: the ads are more impressive than the ingredients.

Theatregoing is therefore full of surprises. At the tiny Cherry Lane Theatre on Commerce Street, Gertrude Stein's nonsensical *In Circles,* sung to music by Al Carmines, directed by Lawrence Kornfeld, pleased me unexpectedly. The acting of Jacob Ben-Ami and Lili Darvas in a skit (one of a pair) given at the 299-seat Forum—the "studio" of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—struck me as warmer and more vividly genuine than what we get from the dazzling array of "name actors" in more conspicuous places. And up at the Spingold Theatre of Brandeis University (Waltham, Mass.) Morris Carnovsky's gusty clowning in the American première of Brecht's *Schweyk in the Second World War* holds more substance than we find in acting of reputed weightiness in most Broadway drama.

Peter Ustinov has written still another comedy, *Halfway Up the Tree* (Brooks Atkinson Theatre), about which you may hear many times a day over the radio. Mr. Ustinov's activities as stage and screen actor, director, playwright, novelist, short story writer, imitator, *raconteur* and linguist are so diverse and ubiquitous—at times so colorfully genial—that we might readily forgo discussion of his latest manifestation without committing any injustice to him or to readers of this journal. The reason for mentioning *Halfway Up the Tree* is not simply respect for its author's gifts but because there is a point to be made about his employment of them.

Mr. Ustinov should be encouraged to remain superficial rather than intellectual. He is bright and brilliantly good-humored, but be becomes embarrassing when he strives in earnest for serious connotations. His froth frequently bubbles; his messages, even when we agree with their general import, are bourgeois banal: their wisdom is the crackling sugar of stage and saloon.

That is much more the case with *Halfway Up the Tree* than with *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife,* which at least moves about quite a bit, is cleverly staged, and has much better jokes. But whether Ustinov treats of the "generation gap" as in his new play, or the recurrence of war in forever similar patterns as in the earlier one, this thinking is merely persiflage, the banter of amiable, comfortable and not really con-

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cerned bohemians. Sometimes, as in *Romanoff and Juliet*, the scenic gaiety and buffoonery become captivating, but in *Halfway Up the Tree* I yawned restively between the not so frequent gags. The production is expensive and routine.

Now Gertrude Stein's *In Circles* needs no "meaning" and probably has none, but it charms. Still it *must* have meaning, though of an astral nature. Whatever Miss Stein's original intention may have been, the result of the Cherry Lane performance based on her "libretto" is an affectionate parody of light opera or musical romance in the days before musical comedy became a big machine. It is more sophisticated and I would judge better than *The Boy Friend*.

The music is delightfully corny, all silly lilt and high-class posturing. The background is fragrantly floral in the manner of a display for the sale of sweets. The direction is an abstract of all the poses and positions of airy musical shows in the halcyon days before the First World War. It is varied, funny, "convincing": we feel that something mock but momentously grand is surely going on to which we owe our confidence for the sake of free-floating merriment. If this is what is dubbed "high camp" it is of the highest, and I am for it. It provides a breather.

Walking to Waldheim, "a comedy almost to the end," and *Happiness*, "a romance in one scene," are the titles of two short plays by Mayo Simon which initiate the series for new playwrights or "experimental" plays imbedded in the bowels of the Vivian Beaumont Theater on West 65th Street.

It is difficult at this juncture to assess the degree or exact nature of Mr. Simon's ability. He seems to be obsessed by the sadness of old age and the emptiness of time passing for people whose lives to begin with were filled with not much of anything. Mixed with this in the first, longer and less satisfying of the two plays is a kind of Jewish comedy writing (American vaudeville type) which alternates between the fairly amusing and the faintly distasteful.

The form of the play—a family riding in a car in a funeral procession, during which we are given glimpses of the six occupants' lives, and in which we also see them move on to their demise—owes something to Thornton Wilder. Oh vain drabness and distress of this world, how we bemoan you!

Much less juvenilely symbolic is the shorter *Happiness*, in which two old people, a widower more aged and debilitated than the widow (either a neighbor or the landlady) cling to each other to console themselves in the penultimate moments of life. This desperate connection constitutes their happiness.

The evening is saved by the acting. Jacob Ben-Ami, a veteran of some fifty years on the Yiddish and American stage, comes into his own once again with a never to be forgotten image of comic-pathetic senescence. (How many theatre-goers remember him in a 1920s play from the Danish called *Samson and Delilah* in which he gave one of the most profoundly truthful portraits of the artist's spiritual suffering that has ever been created in our theatre?) Ben-Ami's Old Man is touching without being sentimental. He is grotesque without being offensive and his last spurt of energy adumbrates a vigor in remembered joy, communicating the glow and inspiration of the life force even at its ebb.

Lili Darvas' pulsating heartiness, a kind of paprika which flavors the dismal and obscene with the dignity of sound human instincts, is a cause for rejoicing. The fine interaction of these two admirable players is not only worth a visit to the Forum but is a better example of ensemble acting than is provided by many proclaimed "Ensembles."

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PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO

Toward the last, paled by the page he wrote (eagles,
tan lions waiting for the Colosseum,
and Caesar determined that the claws
on his arm should lengthen Rome),
the writer suffered his whole picture of what
we are, a picture so adequate that we have become it.

Awed now, our leaders admire our kind
(the great works! the tremendous events
we create!) as—amazed by its portrait—
our mirror strains to believe its own depth,
or shatter what it is. Vergil, you saw,
deeper than war, these tears in human things:

That the blind in their dark have all they need.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Chappaqua is a film that looks to have been more fun to make than it is to watch. Conrad Rooks, a young man possessed of a handsome square face and with access to funds, rented a castellated mansion on the outskirts of Paris for his main set, enlisted Jean-Louis Barrault, Ravi Shankar and a company of friends including William Burroughs, Allen Ginsburg, the Fugs and Moondog for his cast, traveled widely with a small camera crew, and produced an account of his experiences while recovering from addiction to alcohol and a pharmacopoeia of drugs. Barrault plays the attending doctor, Burroughs is villainous, Shankar contributes the score and a solo, the other celebrities appear in "vignettes," to use an old term from commercial Hollywood.

The bulk of the picture is devoted to the hallucinations suffered by Mr. Rooks

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during moments of chemical excitation and at various points in the progress of his cure. No second person—certainly no person who has failed to experiment with drugs—can pass judgment on the authenticity of the illusions. However, they look very much like a rapid survey of the themes that have dominated the underground film industry in the past several years. Two- and three-track photography capitalizes on the psychedelic properties of flashing neon advertising, the motorcycle cult is acknowledged, an American Indian ritual dance is staged in tribute to peyote, the mystic East is visited briefly (Mr. Rooks imagines himself on camelback), and a lovely girl in diaphanous costume floats like smoke in double exposure. All this is presented in terms much more expert than the standard that prevails in the store-front cinema (I particularly enjoyed a brief scene of two musical comedy witch doctors cavorting in a fuming bathtub), and Rooks plays intoxication in the manner of a man familiar with its truculent dignity and sudden collapses. Further, Barrault's elegance and subtlety, even when he is perhaps not entirely serious about the job in hand, give zest to every scene he enters. His restrained intimation of how he might frug if he cared to try is memorably witty.

But the overall effect of the picture is that of wandering for too long in a theatrical warehouse. The props look secondhand; the miasmas seem labored and too well articulated to have sprung from a consciousness cut loose. It puzzles me to read elsewhere that *Chappaqua* will "blow" my mind. I have been more effectively seduced out of psychological beaten paths at a performance of *The Tempest*: even *Peter Pan* has led me further astray. Mr. Rooks does perform one public service: he makes of "tripping" a sadly tedious experience. If LSD and peyote are capable of no more "expanding" novelty than these fashionably acrylic tableaux, a man does better to spin fantasy out of his unmedicated mind.

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TELEVISION/John Horn

The Ford Foundation has made notable contributions to American television programing. For several years, it has kicked in $6 million annually as two-thirds of the support for National Educational Television, the country's chief noncommercial production and distribution organization. In the 1950s, it subsidized *Omnibus,* an experimental cultural series telecast for several years on the commercial networks, and at times sponsored.

Now the foundation is the sole support of the Public Television Laboratory (PBL), another experimental series (fifty programs over two years) designed to demonstrate the capabilities of public television. Judging by the première on November 5, PBL has amended the original concept Fred W. Friendly had of it as a "live" news program. Forty per cent was cultural, or non-news (and it was by far the better portion), and less than 7 per cent was live.

With racial relations as the overall theme of the first show, an hour and a half was devoted to the issue in this year's key elections (with coverage not any deeper than the commercial network news efforts) and to a Chicago confrontation of blacks and whites in what was hoped to be a dialogue but most often was an emotional shouting match. The value of chief correspondent Edward P. Morgan, on lend-lease from A.B.C., is still potential.

Happier moments were a reading of Douglas Turner Ward's Off-Broadway propaganda farce, *Day of Absence,* and two sparkling anti-commercials, one an attack on exorbitant brand-name markups of aspirin and the other a more-cancer message in a take-off on longer cigarette advertising. In these, PBL suggested that it might become what the American *That Was The Week That Was* of several seasons ago should have been but wasn't—a satirical exposé of the cant and hypocrisy of our advertising-saturated, self-deceiving culture.

Ward's contribution was major. It was his conceit to imagine a day when all the Negroes in a Southern town disappear, throwing into panic their exploiters and dependents. In a brilliant stroke, the one-acter was played by Negroes in white face. The reversed convention of a minstrel show was exactly the right note for broad comedy, and challenged white-audience minds with the supposed differences and real similarities of blacks and whites. All that *Day of Absence* lacked was judicious cutting.

PBL's debut had significance beyond its content. The refusal of twenty-nine of 119 noncommercial stations to carry the first program posed public television's first dilemma: a bland network (like commercial television) or a courageous non-network? It chose the latter. The racial complexion of the première no doubt was the motive behind the defection of twenty-two stations in Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina. The weakness of the ninety-station network is obvious. Ed Sullivan that night had 195 stations, *Bonanza,* 218.

These obstacles to a network service alternative to U.S. commercial television will require major thought. The commercial networks established their dominance in an early time when stations were weak. PBL, like NET, faces the problem of attracting established and comparatively independent stations, many state-supported. Anything more than a limited noncommercial network may be impossible for years to come. In other words, correction of the commercial abuse of the air waves by supplemental noncommercial programing promises to be piecemeal, patchwork and inadequate for as long as one can foresee.

Finally, the live, simultaneous interconnection of noncommercial stations—long stressed by Friendly and Av Westin, PBL executive director—is apparently unnecessary. Of the first program's 150 minutes, only ten were live. Is a network really necessary to exhibit canned material?

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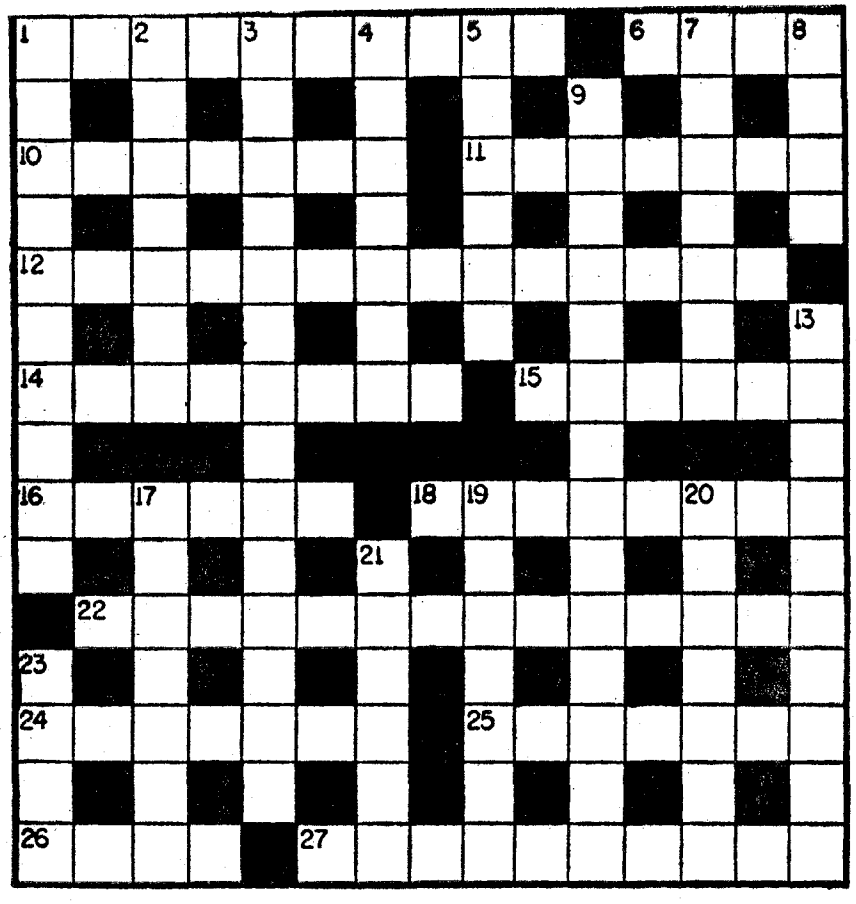
CrosswordPuzzle No. 1225

FRANKW. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The treatment of a hundred during an attempt at settlement. (10)
6 Evidently is not what tins might be made of. (4)
10 Is he slated for something? (7)
11 Full and complete, but could be a near riot in practice. (7)
12 Seers might be inflamed by it. (14)
14 What one does with left-overs holds the place open. (8)
15 Get away from the avoidance of reality. (6)
16 See 22 across
18 The line of the grain starts to twist and propels itself. (8)
22 and 16 across. Where is the rowel of Time? (2,3,4,2,3,6)
24 What one used to get on movie dish night, if lucky, or allow one to 15 across. (3,4)
25 Imagines another form of them to be insects. (7)
26 All this is paying attention! (4)
27 Concerned with the involvement of tender ties. (10)

DOWN:

1 Is such a possible picture of a hero common? (10)
2 Claims something to be right? (7)
3 What Leander might be, especially if he beats his girl-friend. (10,4)
4 A refined British product, as you might find part of the "centre" a clew. (7)
5 Like some music, it involves both choir and piano. (6)
7 Some flowers have such power to endure. (7)
8 What the fussy child does with food and some of his other possessions. (4)
9 Underworld mouthpiece? (6,8)
13 Put the tax bite on again? (10)
17 Might one have class in order to be a ship? (7)
19 Not very practical, that is, until slightly shifted inside. (7)
20 Certainly not an inside job. (7)
21 Does it stand behind a firm? (6)
23 Like the man plays tennis now! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1224

ACROSS: 1 Shame on you; 10 Grating; 11 Aral sea; 12 Odysseus; 13 Brick; 15 Rings; 17 Taillight; 19 Discredit; 21 Super; 23 Green; 24 Stricken; 27 Outwear; 28 Ill will; 29 More; 30 Brown betty. DOWN: 1 and 26 Signally; 2 and 6 Abandon ship; 3 Exits; 4 Neglected; 5 Orals; 7 Husking; 8 Pranksters; 14 Bridegroom; 16 Stranger; 18 Interview; 20 Shelter; 22 Predict; 24 Surer; 25 Caleb.

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